The Outlook

Vol. 71 July 12, 1902 No. 11

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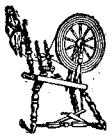

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The Outlook

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The Philippine Government Act

The Senate and the House came quickly to an agreement in the matter of the Philippine Government Bill, and the bill is now law. With regard to coinage the House practically yielded to the Senate, by consenting to have the subject left for future legislation and thus continuing for the present the free coinage of silver. With regard to the establishment of a popular legislative assembly in the Philippines the Senate practically yielded to the House, though the House accepted the stipulation that the popular assembly should not be organized until two years after the required census is taken. In the election of members of this assembly the suffrage is restricted to property-owners or to men able to speak Spanish or English. The assembly will not have power to enact legislation disapproved by the American authorities, as these still appoint the upper branch of the Philippine legislature, and this upper branch is rendered more important than the lower by its large control over appointments and salaries throughout the islands. With regard to grants of public lands to corporations, the House provision permitting such grants remains, but the amount of land that can be granted to one corporation is reduced by one-half—to 2,500 acres—and no member of a corporation organized for any other purpose than the extension of irrigation can hold shares in any other corporation in the same kind of business. This is a more drastic anti-trust provision than exists anywhere in our own country. Here National banks are forbidden to own stock in other National banks, and this provision has doubtless hindered the establishment of banking trusts, but even in the banking business the shareholders of one National bank may, as individuals, own stock in other National banks, and thus indirectly restrain them from competing with one another. But in the Philippines even this indirect method of effecting combinations between corporations is forbidden by law.

❀

The Work of Congress

The Philippine Government Act is generally regarded as the most important measure passed by Congress in the session which ended last week. So far as the present is concerned it doubtless deserves this rank, but there are many who believe that future historians will attach an equal importance to the new irrigation law. This act, adopted without partisan division, promises to substitute order for chaos in the work of developing irrigation, and, if it fulfills the hopes of its supporters, will add to our Western domain an area of fertile soil exceeding the entire area of New England. The funds received from the sale of public lands in the States and Territories containing the irrigable arid districts are, in the main, set aside for the construction of the irrigation works under the National Government. Next in importance to the Irrigation Act is that for the construction of an Isthmian Canal—by the Panama route if a satisfactory title can be obtained, and if not, then by the Nicaragua route. The completion of a canal is especially desired by the people of the Pacific coast in order to establish water competition with the transcontinental railways. Of measures more directly affecting the present, the most important, perhaps, is the bill further reducing the war taxes by about seventy million dollars a year. This bill removes many taxes which ought in justice to have remained, such as the new tax on inheritances and the additional tax on beer, and it leaves many taxes which should have been removed—such as the tariff duties protecting trust-

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made goods which are sold abroad at lower prices than at home. Nevertheless, the reduction of the revenues lessens the present burdens upon consumers, and lessens the incentive to Congressional extravagance. Already this incentive during a period of prosperity is proving to be appallingly strong. The appropriations of the present session, according to the Republican estimate formulated by Mr. Cannon, aggregate $750,000,000, not including $50,000,000 appropriated for the Isthmian Canal, and contracts authorized for future work on the canal, rivers and harbors, ships of war, public buildings, etc., to the amount of $259,000,000 more. Even when we exclude the appropriation for the canal and the contracts authorized to be entered into, the sum that remains means a tax averaging nearly fifty dollars a year upon every family in the country. This is half again as heavy a burden as the Congresses controlled by either party ventured to impose a decade ago. These measures cover the important work Congress has done. The work left undone hardly needs recapitulation. To its credit, the House refused to pass the Ship Subsidy Bill, which had passed the Senate; to its discredit, the Senate refused to pass the Cuban Reciprocity Bill, which had passed the House; and neither branch of Congress has fulfilled the pledge to enact legislation requiring publicity for all the operations of trusts, and prohibiting contracts and discriminations by which competition is strangled. The President, to his credit, declares that the pledges respecting Cuba and the trusts shall yet be fulfilled.

❀

The Bailey-Beveridge Affair

According to widely published reports, Senator Bailey, of Texas, was last week guilty of an outrageous assault upon Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, within the Senate Chamber just after the adjournment of the body. During the session the Senator from Texas had arraigned our Minister in Mexico, Mr. Clayton, for forwarding a false or altered copy of a document in which a Texas citizen named Dr. Scott was interested, and had attacked the Solicitor of the State Department, Judge Penfield, for refusing to give Dr. Scott a copy of Minister Clayton's report, on the ground that it was desired in order to injure Minister Clayton. Senator Beveridge, as a friend of Judge Penfeld, defended the latter and condemned Senator Bailey's criticisms as "ill-considered" and "unwarranted." Senator Bailey demanded in the Senate that Senator Beveridge should retract these words, and, after the Senate had adjourned, was reported to have gone into a group of Republican leaders with whom Mr. Beveridge was chatting, and to have clutched Mr. Beveridge by the throat when the latter again refused to retract. The other Republican Senators, however, who were the only men in the room besides Senators Bailey and Beveridge, deny that any assault took place, however threatening and bullying Mr. Bailey's attitude may have been, and Mr. Beveridge takes the position that the whole affair was too trivial to be further discussed. We hope that this position upon his part was dictated by his sense of justice as well as of generosity toward his colleague, for the affair as at first reported in most of the newspapers was even more disgraceful than the recent Tillman-McLaurin affair. In that the victim of the assault had offended by giving the lie to his assailant, but in the present case the language of Senator Beveridge had been not only parliamentary but temperate. It is a disgrace to the Senate when even unparliamentary language is followed by assault, and it would put an end to parliamentary institutions if language such as Senator Beveridge used could be thus resented. The character of the press reports at first published is occasion for universal regret that no one of the Senators present dignified the affair with an authorized statement as to just what had happened.

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"Ripper" Legislation Quashed

The Supreme Court of Ohio has handed down a series of sweeping decisions radically modifying the charters of a great many of her municipal governments. The situation created necessitates the calling of an extra session of the Legislature to enact a uniform municipal code for the whole State. For several years the Ohio Supreme Court has been drawing the lines on special legislation closer and closer, with the hope of forcing the

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Legislature to pass a general municipal code governing all cities alike and destroying the present evils growing out of special legislation. There are to-day in Ohio as many separate kinds of local government as there are cities in the State, and there has seemed to be no limit to the readiness of partisan Legislatures to provide special governments for municipalities—especially those controlled by the opposing party—by what are known as "ripper" bills. The Supreme Court has dealt a death-blow to this abuse and paved the way for a municipal code which would establish local responsibility for the administration of local affairs. The Supreme Court's decision gives effect to the provision of the Ohio Constitution against special legislation as it has been understood by laymen from the beginning. At the meeting of the National Municipal League in Cleveland several years ago the Court was rather sharply criticised for permitting this constitutional provision to be evaded. The present decisions are gratifying to the whole body of municipal reformers.

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Municipal Activity in the West

The Wisconsin Free Library Commission and the Wisconsin League of Municipalities have inaugurated a plan which might well be followed elsewhere. Traveling libraries of works on Municipal Government have been established and are now circulating among the smaller cities of the State. These libraries may be had for the cost of transportation upon the application of any local board or group of responsible citizens. The Wisconsin League is one of the most aggressive of such bodies, and has been instrumental in creating a desire for the reading which these libraries are supplying. Among other things, it publishes a monthly called "The Municipality," edited by Dr. Samuel E. Sparling, the assistant professor of political science in the University of Wisconsin and an Alderman in the Madison Council. The California League of Municipalities has been similarly active, and has succeeded in stirring up an interest in higher municipal standards which three or four years ago would have seemed to be impossible. This League presents at each session of the California Legislature a programme of desired municipal and local legislation, and then proceeds to work for it with all the power at its command. It succeeded admirably during the last session, securing the enactment of practically every bill in which it was vitally interested. It was not successful, however, in defeating a certain group of obnoxious Constitutional amendments, and so it has begun a campaign against their adoption by the people. It urges that this group of amendments is a bold corporation scheme and should be defeated, because, among other things, "it makes impossible the reduction of rates for any public service; it perpetuates the inefficient features of the present Railroad Commission; it destroys municipal ownership of public utilities; it interferes with local self-government; it places inordinate powers in the hands of the present Governor." The American public is accustomed to hearing such vigorous language from organizations composed of private citizens, but it is a new experience when a body made up of regularly elected city officials talks in this way. It is certainly an encouraging experience. When our municipal officials organize for the increase of their efficiency as public servants as they have in these two States, we may indulge in a hopeful outlook as to the future of our American cities.

❀

The University Convocation of New York

The most noteworthy event in the proceedings of the New York State Regents' Convocation at Albany was the address on Tuesday of last week by President Schurman, of Cornell University. The question as to what subjects should be considered essential in a system of broad education, he said, would never have arisen if human knowledge had not expanded beyond the power of any single mind to compass it. In answering this question President Schurman divided the subjects for study into two categories, the humanistic—including all that pertains to human life, the languages and literatures of the world, history, economics, politics, and philosophy—and the naturalistic, including all that pertains to the objective phenomena of nature. Both groups of studies he considered indispensable; but to the humanistic subjects he granted the position of first importance. "Literary

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culture of some sort" he declared to be "the first essential of a liberal education." This declaration is significant as coming from the head of Cornell. Other notable addresses were made by the Governor of the State and by the President of Columbia University. Governor Odell announced his belief that public education should include higher as well as elementary education, and that in this respect the stronger portions of the State owe a duty to the portions that are weaker. President Butler, after emphasizing the truth that "a nation's life is much more than an inventory of its governmental activities," enlarged upon three propositions which, as he summarized them, are so clarifying that they deserve quotation:

First—American education is far wider than the system of tax-supported schools and universities, numerous and excellent as those schools and universities are. All schools, colleges, and universities, tax-supported or not, are public in the important sense that they all reflect and represent some part or phase of our National life and character.

Second—There is no restriction upon the amount, kind, or variety of education which a district, town, or city may furnish, save that which is found in the willingness or unwillingness of citizens to vote the necessary taxes.

Third—The tax-supported schools are public schools in the fullest possible sense, and are not maintained for the benefit of persons of any special class or condition, or from any motive which may properly be described as charitable or philanthropic.

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Village Care for the Insane

Perhaps no better exposition of the various systems for caring for the insane in private homes has been made than that recently given by Miss Julia C. Lathrop, formerly of the Illinois State Board of Charities. Miss Lathrop has spent two summers abroad studying this system in Scotland, Belgium, and France. During her travels she has collected excellent and characteristic photographs of the villages, the homes, and of the simple folk themselves, hostesses and guests, in all of these lands. From these photographs slides have been made, and the combination of pictures and of the wisdom and wit of the speaker is very convincing as to the merits of village care for a certain class of the harmless insane. People are familiar with the work done in this direction at Gheel in Belgium, but it is not so well known that Belgium has a similar colony in the southern part of that little country. Miss Lathrop regards the similar experiment in France as of great promise, and her stories of the placid lives of these old souls sitting in peaceful gardens in the rear of tiny cottages is most attractive. Massachusetts has made some attempts at boarding the harmless insane in scattered homes, but that can hardly be called village care. Kalamazoo, Michigan, offers a better contrast to the ordinary method of looking after the demented. Out of a population of 1,425 now in the hospital there, 320 are gathered in a little colony or village of their own, three miles from the parent institution, where they are allowed a large degree of liberty. The men farm about six hundred acres of land, and the women assist in household duties. The mistake in establishing this colony was in making the homes too large, some of them containing seventy-five persons, whereas ten or fifteen, at the outside, would be nearer the ideal of a home. A family of seventy-five individuals with well-balanced minds offers a good deal of friction, but for the insane it is entirely too confusing and trying. Comparison cannot be fairly made under such circumstances with the care given in a Scotch village. Life in Scotland, Belgium, and France, in the homes of the people who take these patients to board, is simplicity itself; and the three or four insane men or women placed in each one of them are quite free from a hundred things that are unavoidable in American life in the ordinary home; and really we have no families much akin to the cotters of those lands. But there has been enough experimentation in this country to show that country life among people of moderate means, in which there are animals and flowers and children to be seen and loved, may well be given to hundreds of the harmless insane who no longer need hospital treatment. The so-called Wisconsin system, in which groups of the insane are kept in county institutions in the country, does not meet this ideal. That may be better, if under thorough State supervision, than to be immured in great monasteries behind bars; but it is not the simple, quiet family life which is so desirable for these chronic patients. More attention will be paid in the near future to finding such homes, in which two or three invalids may be

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gathered as part of the family, to share its innocent joys as members of the same household, helping with their hands when able, and shielded tenderly from the great restless world to which they will never return.

❀

The Winifred Masterson Burke Relief Foundation

Mr. John Masterson Burke, a retired merchant of New York City, has transferred to four trustees, Abram S. Hewitt, Edward M. Shepard, Frank K. Sturgis, and William Hubbard White, the sum of four million dollars to be administered for the purpose specified by the trust deed as follows:

> The benefits of the foundation shall be reserved for intelligent and respectable men and women who, in consequence of sickness or discharge from hospitals before they have regained strength sufficient to earn a livelihood, or in consequence of other misfortune, may be in need of temporary assistance.

The provisions of the gift are most liberal; they include relief for sick children not proper subjects for other hospitals; assistance in the form of loans without interest or security to patients who prefer aid of that form; supplying nurses at moderate cost under the supervision of a physician; and the building of a large Hospital for Convalescents. To the trustees Mr. Burke has given very broad powers, even to the modification of his plan, stipulating only that "the fund shall be used in such a way as not to increase, but to prevent, the growth of poverty," that the system adopted shall be "thorough, careful, and kindly," and that "the methods to be used, so far as they are consistent with propriety, shall be as expeditious as possible." The fund has been named by Mr. Burke The Winifred Masterson Burke Relief Foundation, in memory of his mother. It has been stated that the sum is the largest ever given for the relief of men and women who cannot support themselves because of illness or misfortune. The gift is notable, however, for other characteristics besides its magnitude, and not least for the wisdom and the modesty of the giver. His wisdom is shown by his choice of trustees, as well as his confidence in them, and by the provisions of his gift. There is no hospital whose service is at all active that can keep its patients until their normal strength is entirely restored; it is forced by circumstances to discharge patients who, though rid of disease, are still weak. Such patients, especially among the working classes, are likely to be without financial resources, for they have usually exhausted their resources before being willing to enter a hospital. Such people are worthy of help, if any people are, and they are now, by this gift, given an opportunity of obtaining the temporary relief that will enable them, without loss of self-respect, to resume their work. Mr. Burke has succeeded in keeping his own personality out of public view—his spirit in this respect bringing him the more honor—and at the same time in making it probable that he will see, within his own lifetime, the merciful fruits of his benefaction.

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A Committee on Tuberculosis

The Charity Organization Society of New York has formed a Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis. The names of the members of this Committee give assurance of its high character. Dr. E. L. Trudeau, widely known as a specialist in the disease, the Hon. Ernst Lederle, Commissioner of Health, the Hon. Homer Folks, head of the city's Department of Public Charities, Professor F. H. Giddings, an accepted authority on sociology, together with others equally well known, are among the members, eleven of whom are physicians. The exhaustive laboratory investigations which have been made by scientists in recent years have far outstripped investigations into the social character of the disease: the effect, for instance, of infected apartments, or the improvement resulting from light and air in private houses, or the prevention of the spread of the disease by the force of public opinion in the matter of precautions. It is to such matters as these that this Committee will give its attention. The existence of 20,000 consumptives in the city of New York alone is sufficient reason for the formation of this Committee. The more detailed object of this Committee is outlined in a statement made by the Charity Organization Society:

> Aside from the investigation in the social aspects of tuberculosis, the objects of the

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Committee have been formulated in part as follows:

1. The promulgation of the doctrine that tuberculosis is a communicable, preventable, and curable disease.
2. The dissemination of knowledge concerning the means and methods to be adopted for the prevention of tuberculosis.
3. The advancement of movements to provide special hospital, sanatorium, and dispensary facilities for consumptive adults and scrofulous and tuberculous children among the poor.
4. The initiation and encouragement of measures which tend to prevent the development of scrofulous and other forms of tuberculous diseases.

It is certainly greatly to be desired that an enlightened public sentiment on tuberculosis be created: first, to prevent ignorant panics arising from false notions as to the communicability of the disease—especially in order to obstruct efforts that are sometimes made to enact absurd and impracticable laws requiring isolation; second, to organize a strong public opinion against unsanitary conditions and practices—for example, the dangerous as well as filthy practice of spitting in public places, perhaps the most prolific of all sources for the spread of tuberculosis. This Committee is therefore undertaking a most praiseworthy project, and deserves, as it seeks, the co-operation not only of all charitable agencies, city departments, and State officials, but of all men and women who have any sense of social obligation.

❀

Cotton-Growing in the British Colonies

The Lancashire Chambers of Commerce and the Associations of Cotton Operatives have resolved to organize a British Cotton-Growers' Association for the purpose of fostering the growth of cotton in British colonies and protectorates. As the Lancashire district is the greatest cotton importing and manufacturing center in the world, and as by far the largest share of the raw material there made into cotton goods for domestic use as well as export comes from our Southern States, this action suggests an industrial departure of special interest to the United States. For more than half a century this country has been the source of supply for Great Britain's raw cotton, and the movement to substitute therefor the raw cotton grown within the Empire probably has other than purely economic reasons behind it. Among the latter, however, the fact that the South is now a large manufacturer in this line, and also the increasing competition of American cotton manufactures with the British product in foreign markets, are undoubtedly of much weight. Judging by previous efforts in the same direction, this movement is not distinctly promising; but it has some new elements of strength which a few years ago did not exist. It is, in the first place, founded largely on the recently developed sentiment which looks upon the Empire as self-sustaining. Again, recent improvement and territorial acquisitions have greatly enlarged the British cotton-growing area. India, Egypt, Central and Western Africa contain the richest districts. The irrigation works of Egypt have increased the cotton crop of that country about thirty per cent., while an immense region capable of growing the finest cotton was added by the acquisition of the Bahr-el-Ghazal in the Soudan. This by no means completes the list of cotton-growing districts, but it is sufficient to show that enough cotton can be had for British manufacturing purposes if these great fields can be successfully developed.

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The Plague in India

The record of deaths from bubonic plague in India since September, 1896, is a startling one. A government statement in regard to plague ravages from that date to March, 1902, shows a total of deaths during that period of 536,000 in the Bombay Presidency and 315,400 in other parts of India, aggregating 852,000 deaths in British India and the Native States. But this is not all. The officially reported deaths only are included in this estimate; the untraced and unreported deaths would bring the figures up to more than 1,000,000. And the increase now going on in losses is still greater. During the first three months of this year the Bombay Presidency has reported 62,667 deaths from this disease, as compared with 17,806 in the corresponding period of 1901. The Punjab has fully as ominous a record for this year, and so have other parts of India. Lord Curzon's best efforts have in the meanwhile been exerted; but he finds an apathetic indifference to sanitation, to hospital aid, and even to relief by

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food such as the natives refuse to eat on account of religious prejudices. These obstacles are almost impossible to overcome, and, unfortunately, during the past two years political reasons have dictated less stringent measures for the benefit of the natives because of a possible uprising while attention was directed toward the war in South Africa. With that hindrance now removed, some improvement in plague prospects may be shown in the near future.

❀

Methodists and Bible Criticism

In view of the fact that three Methodists, all of them professors, have within a few months encountered opposition in their Church for expressing views about the Bible considered by their critics to be out of harmony with Methodist standards, it is significant that Bishop Stephen M. Merrill has in some recent utterances placed himself squarely in accord with the spirit of the constructive school of Biblical criticism. He holds that, so far as the Higher Criticism is concerned, every teacher of religion should have "some fairly well defined theory or posture;" that the Church cannot go on affirming as facts anything which learning discards as untrue, or which will not stand the test of sound criticism; that what the Church teaches must have a substantial intellectual basis; and that refusal to accept the test of criticism is not honoring the Bible. He declares that although it is to be deplored that some teachers "accept hypotheses as facts . . . when all the claims of duty and of the higher wisdom would be met by presenting them as hypotheses yet to be studied," nevertheless that those who denounce all that is known as the Higher Criticism as destructive cannot be permanently influential. He also says, as to inspiration, that it is unfortunate to regard manner or mode as essential. Modification of a theory of inspiration is not rejection of inspiration. While Methodists believe in all the canonical books of the Scriptures, they believe in each book according to its purpose, contents, and value; this does not necessitate the belief that each is as important as the others. The less important books are not disparaged while receiving less reverence than those of higher import. In conclusion, Bishop Merrill says: "My heart goes out in sympathetic appreciation toward all workers in the legitimate sphere of criticism, believing that much is being done to clear away the accumulated rubbish of the ages, and to free the Holy Scriptures from accretions and misunderstandings which clog evangelical faith and give the enemy occasion to blaspheme. Honest, humble learning, with intelligent delving, will counteract the devices of unbelief and bring to light the refined gold of the kingdom." Bishop Merrill is one of the oldest bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having been consecrated in 1872, and what he says is received with respect as the matured fruit of his best thought and judgment. He speaks, of course, for himself; but he has declared the views of a large and growing class of Methodist ministers and laymen. The theological controversies which have lately occurred in the Methodist Church have had the result, which theological controversies generally have, of bringing into undue prominence the party of obstruction. The special value of these sane statements of Bishop Merrill is that they help to restore to its proper place the constructive and progressive element in the Methodist Church.

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Summer School for Philanthropic Work

This School, now in session in the city of New York, at length seems likely to realize the design of its projectors by developing into a professional training-school with a properly extended curriculum. In noting the work of the School from year to year The Outlook has repeatedly urged this, as an object well worthy of the active co-operation of persons interested to secure the best results from gifts for charitable purposes. In a recent letter commendatory of this object Ambassador Choate writes: "There are thousands already engaged in such work, whose labors would be doubly effective if they were better trained for the service, and thousands more who would gladly engage in it if they could see better how to make their efforts tell." The six weeks' course which has been given now for five summers can at best be only introductory to the full training required for proficiency in the best methods of philanthropy and

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in the judicious discharge of its heavy responsibilities. These responsibilities are but partly indicated by the annual expenditure in the State of New York alone of over thirty million dollars for charitable purposes. Inadequate to the need as the School has thus far been, it has demonstrated its efficiency, and its capacity for large expansion towards its ideal as soon as assured of the needed support. The hundred and more students it has instructed, drawn from nineteen States, have all engaged, either as paid workers or volunteers, in charitable services. Its present short course, under charge of specialists, devotes three weeks to study of "the treatment of needy families in their homes;" one week to the subject of child-saving—"the care of destitute, neglected, and delinquent children;" one week to "neighborhood improvement," as by social settlements, etc.; four days to "the institutional care of adults;" two days to "medical charities." In the projected two years' course these subjects occupy the whole of the first year. The second year proposes elective work in some branch of philanthropy, with a view to pursuing it as a specialty through life. The course is planned to be practical throughout, in close touch with the objects of philanthropic interest. What is needed now is a permanent endowment of $100,000 for the School. The Charity Organization Society of the city of New York, which has conducted the School thus far, is now soliciting subscriptions. Its appeal is warmly indorsed by ex-Mayor Hewitt, Dr. Gilman, of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, Bishop Potter, Mayor Low, and Ambassador Choate. Checks may be made payable to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Treasurer. Copies of the prospectus may be obtained by addressing Edward T. Devine, Ph.D., General Secretary, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

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A Tramps' Lodging-House

Philadelphia, it seems, has just awakened to the fact, long ago recognized in Boston, New York, and other cities, that the work test is the best and only antidote for vagrancy pure and undefiled. The opening there, the other day, of what is probably the largest and best-equipped tramps' lodging-house in the country, the "Wayfarers' Lodge No. 1," shows that the scientific mode of dealing with the tramp problem is to have a conspicuous and hopeful exposition of its value and utility. The idea involved, that the pre-eminent cure for idleness is muscular reaction, has already done away in our progressive American cities with what Jacob Riis has characteristically denominated "the most pernicious parody on municipal paternalism that was ever evolved in the mind of man"—the police lodging-house. By his earnest insistence under Police Commissioner, now President, Roosevelt, it will be recalled, the demoralizing shelters in the police stations of New York City were closed. In Boston some time ago the work test was adopted for vagrants and the police lodging-houses were abolished. This was done in compliance with the highest ideals of practical and scientific philanthropy, which would remove all encouragement to the creation of dependency and which conceives that the truest aid is that which helps a man to help himself. The Philadelphia example, which is the gift of two friends of charity, presents, it seems, a model type of lodging-house. It is a substantial four-story red brick structure whose construction and equipment are of modern and durable description, special emphasis being placed on four things—ample bathing and disinfecting facilities, thoroughly good ventilation, plenty of cubic air space for each sleeper (there are no double-deckers), and every precaution against fire. A large assembly and reading room is provided on the first floor. Men are given an opportunity to wash and dry their underclothing; and cleanliness and good discipline are strictly enforced. Accommodations are arranged for nearly two hundred men. A new feature in connection with such institutions is the special small dormitory for women. The working arrangements are practical in the extreme. A large wood-yard is an essential part of the institution, the labor being wholly provided by the lodgers, who pay in this way for their meals and bed. One day's board and lodging can be earned in three or four hours, leaving a good part of the day free in which to look for other work. Men are admitted at all hours of the night. But they are required to work for what they get next day, under penalty of arrest. The super-

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intendent is invested with police powers. The receipts from the sale of wood are applied to the general expenses of the institution, which is, however, to a great degree dependent on public contributions for support. With the opening of this new philanthropic enterprise, Philadelphia has certainly an opportunity to inspire other cities to similar effort for the proper handling of the tramp problem. It is an interesting fact that, coincident with the opening of the Wayfarers' Lodge, a fellowship has been established at the University of Pennsylvania which provides for special and scientific study and investigation of "the homeless out of work."

❀

What Has Been Done

Congress has adjourned without passing any measure of reciprocity for Cuba; but its failure to act, instead of closing the question and defeating the policy of President McKinley and President Roosevelt, has simply shifted the debate from the Senate Chamber to the country at large, and the President has promptly accepted the new conditions, and, in the first of his speeches after the adjournment of the Senate, has made his appeal to the country for justice to Cuba.

The failure of Congress to act on this important matter is, however, only incidental to a year of remarkable progress in the settlement of the great questions before the country. The work of reconstructing Cuba has been completed, and the authority of the United States has given place to the authority of the Republic of Cuba, under circumstances which reflect the very highest credit on both peoples. That piece of work is finished in a way to give satisfaction to those who believe that political work can be thoroughly done by Americans, and in a way which ought to silence for the moment those captious critics who seem bent, not upon helping in the solution of the difficult questions before the people, but upon embarrassing and hindering the Administration. The Outlook has emphasized, by repeated restatement, the character of the work in Cuba, because it shows that Americans have capacity for competent government organization and direction, because The Outlook believes that a good piece of work should be recognized at once, and that men who are trying to help on the best things of their time do not need the perspective of a century in order to discover the thoroughness and integrity with which great burdens are borne and great duties discharged by contemporaries.

The question of building an Isthmian Canal, an onward step in the National development of the twentieth century, which for thirty-five years has met with constant postponement, has at last been decided on what appears to be the wisest grounds. A gigantic plan for redeeming an immense extent of barren land by irrigation has been undertaken by the Government, but in a prudent and experimental fashion; seventy million dollars of war taxes have been abolished; and a plan of civil government in the Philippines has been adopted and already carried into effect.

The President was able to associate with the Fourth of July a new and memorable achievement in American history by publishing three important orders. By the terms of the first of these, complete amnesty was declared to all persons in the Philippine Archipelago who participated in the insurrections against American rule, or have given aid and comfort to those who have participated in such insurrections; for all offenses of treason and sedition and all offenses political in their character committed in the course of these insurrections, provided that the offenders shall take an oath of allegiance to the United States, and excepting only those persons who have committed crime since the first of May last in any province of the archipelago at the time civil government was established, and such persons as have been heretofore finally convicted of murder, rape, arson, or robbery by any civil or military tribunal organized under the authority of Spain or of the United States; the proclamation of amnesty being based on the statement that "all insurrection against the authority and sovereignty of the United States is now at an end, and peace has been established in all parts of the archipelago except in the country inhabited by the Moro tribes, to which the proclamation does not apply."

In a second proclamation the President declares that, the insurrection against the

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sovereign authority of the United States in the Philippine Archipelago having ended, and provisional civil government having been established throughout the entire territory of the archipelago not inhabited by the Moro tribes, under the instructions of the President to the Philippine Commission, ratified and confirmed by act of Congress, approved July 1, the General commanding the division in the Philippines is relieved from performance of the duties of Military Governor, and the office of Military Governor is terminated; the military forces in the division of the Philippines hereafter to be at all times subject, under order of the military commander, to the call of the civil authorities for the maintenance of law and order and the enforcement of their authority.

In a third proclamation the President conveys to the officers and men of the United States army his appreciation of the services they have rendered to the country. He declares that they have helped the Cuban people to take all the steps necessary to the establishment of their own constitutional government; that they have governed Cuba wisely, regarding justice and respecting individual liberty; have honestly collected and expended to the best interests of the Cuban people revenues amounting to over seventy millions of dollars; have improved and lowered the death-rate of the island; have ascertained the causes of and put an end to yellow fever, cleansed the prisons, re-established and reorganized the administration of justice, opened adequate hospitals and asylums, established a general system of free schools, constructed great public works, and trained the Cubans themselves to the duties of administration.

In the Philippines they had first to overcome the organized resistance of superior numbers, well equipped with modern arms of precision, intrenched in an unknown country of mountain defiles, tangles, and swamps; later they had to crush out a general system of guerrilla warfare carried on by a people who have not recognized the limitations which humanity imposes upon civilized warfare.

Bound themselves by the laws of war, our soldiers were called upon to meet every device of unscrupulous treachery, and to contemplate without reprisal the infliction of barbarous cruelties upon their comrades and friendly natives. They were instructed, while punishing armed resistance, to conciliate the friendship of the peaceful, yet had to do with a population among whom it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, and who in countless instances used a false appearance of friendship for ambush and assassination. They were obliged to deal with problems of communication and transportation in a country without roads and frequently made impassable by torrential rains. They were weakened by tropical heat and tropical disease. Widely scattered over a great archipelago extending a thousand miles from north to south, the gravest responsibilities, involving the life or death of their commands, frequently devolved upon young and inexperienced officers beyond the reach of specific orders or advice.

Under these adverse circumstances, in more than two thousand engagements, great and small, within three years, they have exhibited the greatest courage and resolution; they have put an end to "a vast system of intimidation and secret assassination;" they have captured or forced to surrender substantially all leaders of the insurrection; and, with a few individual exceptions, their course has been characterized by humanity and kindness.

At the end of three years, in which the United States has been constantly called upon to deal with entirely novel problems, it has practically finished its work for Cuba; it has re-established law and order in the Philippines, with the exception of the country of the Moros. It has substituted civil for military government, and has paved the way for the same kind of education in self-government for the Philippines which it has in part given and wholly secured to the Cubans. In doing this work there have been serious blunders in the Philippines; there have been exceptional cases of brutality and cruelty, which are being investigated with a view of inflicting the severest punishment possible on all who have disgraced the American name and the honor of the American army. These cruelties have been greatly exaggerated in number and probably in nature. As a whole, the army has borne itself there, as in Cuba, not only with courage, but with moderation and with respect for private and public rights. This work has been done in the face of an unrelenting and persistent course of misrepresentation at home, which has at

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times greatly embarrassed the Government and has undoubtedly lent aid and given encouragement to the fomenters of disorder in the Philippines. In the face of great difficulties at home and abroad, a basis of order has been secured upon which it will be possible to build a new order of civil and political life in the Philippines, and, in the end, to discover what are the real wishes of the people of those islands and what are their best interests.

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A Great Experiment in France

The name of Senator Bérenger is associated not only with the Vice-Presidency of the Senate, and with crusades against all forms of evils, but also with the law now universally known by his countrymen as the *loi Bérenger*. No French law has ever excited so much interest among those concerned, nor have the theoretical expectations from any measure been so fully realized. This law was passed in 1891 through the exertions of Senator Bérenger, who for years had in vain endeavored to find adequate support for it. In his studies of criminology he had been impressed with the rapid growth of crime in a country where the conditions of life are comparatively easy, and where religion, education, science, and art would lead one to expect something different. He gradually reached the conviction that the laws and the penal institutions of the land were in a large measure responsible for the increase in the number of criminals. It was hard to bring legislators to the support of a law resting upon such a paradox. According to the provision of the Bérenger law, every first offense, not involving more than two years of imprisonment, has its penalty suspended and ultimately remitted provided the offender commits no new misdemeanor during the subsequent five years. The obvious purpose of this law is not only to save the culprit from the demoralizing influence of penal institutions, but also to interest him in his own moral reform. In the words of the Senator, "it reawakens feelings of honor, reanimates confidence, resuscitates energy." It reopens for him a world of social possibilities from which he was excluded by former legislation. The law has now been in operation more than ten years, and has affected 230,000 persons. The number of cases of second offense, which formerly would have been 46 per cent. of the whole, has fallen to 12,400, or 5.4 per cent. By this report it would seem that over 40 per cent. have remained steadfast who, under the former legislation, would have drifted toward criminal life. This is not all. As criminals are largely recruited from families with criminal antecedents, by the action of this law the sources of criminal life are reduced and the country is saved from what would otherwise be a much larger progeny with lawless instincts. By the introduction of such a law the atmosphere of the courts, so skeptical in reference to the moral conversion of the fallen, is also modified for good.

Senator Bérenger has just introduced a new bill in the French Parliament for the wider application of his favorite principle. He wishes to confer upon juries the power of recommending, with proper legal restraints, the application of the law to more serious cases of crime not covered by the present statutes. Furthermore, he proposes an earlier application of the law. The judicial process in France, which differs from that of American courts, favors this plan. As a rule, the accused appears before the judge of instruction, who examines the case and decides upon discharge or prosecution. If the accused confesses his guilt, according to the new bill, the judge of instruction may apply the Bérenger law without the regular public prosecution. By so doing there would be added to the potent motive of right conduct, so efficient for good during the last ten years, another springing out of the natural dread of public exposure and shame during public trial. This would be a strong incentive to the offender, who in this way would hope to escape, in part at least, the blows of social ostracism, often severe and seldom just. It might also save many criminals from that hardening process which makes them at heart the bitter foes of social order.

Senator Bérenger must be gratified by the reception given to his bill—a reception which is also a homage to the noble septuagenarian who framed it. There is something fitting in this tardy justice, for

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the Senator has known the trials of reformers. He has been hated by Parisian bohemians and by publishers of corrupt literature as well as by sellers of obscene pictures. He has been the butt of the sarcasms of all the wits and witlings of Paris. In the Parliament he was received as a doctrinarian. Public attitude toward him has greatly changed. The Bérenger utopian schemes of bygone days have become the commonplaces of the legislative assemblies. One hears now frequently from the lips of French representatives such terms as "provisory pardon," "law of clemency," and "law of forgiveness." Deputy Marlot has recently introduced in the Assembly a bill which reads as follows: "The judge, giving motived judgments, will always have the power to forgive when such an act of clemency will appear as the best way to secure the reform of the culprit." The same tendency is noticeable upon the bench. Judge Magnaud, of Château-Thierry, has acquired a national reputation for some of his rulings which, though at variance with the French code, have been in keeping with the larger interpretation of the highest law, *salus homini suprema lex esto*. The legal profession moves more and more in the direction of justice tempered with mercy. Hence Senator Bérenger will have for his bill the support of the current of popular opinion which he so greatly helped to create, and of the forces of intelligence in France which shape the ideas of justice.

It is interesting to notice that the "Bérenger law" is but the introduction into French jurisprudence of the principles advocated by Victor Hugo in his "Claude Gueux" and in "Les Misérables." In his Jean Valjean he endeavored to show the redemptive power of forgiveness and pity. The ethical method of Hugo, which was that of Christ, was called impracticable and visionary by his generation, but within less than half a century it has entered into the laws, the judicature, and the life of his country. Voiced by a man of genius, applied—though imperfectly as yet—by the judges, and gradually accepted by the people, it vindicates the authority and wisdom of the poet and of the sources whence he drew his inspiration. Tangible results prove the power of the law of mercy, mighty in the weak, mightier in the wicked, and "mightiest in the mightiest."

❀

Vision and Toil

He pushed the pile of papers aside and made a clear space on the desk at which he sat. There were signs of great fatigue on his face—a sensitive, resolute face, full of fine impulse, of clear thought, of spiritual energy. A look of concentration gave high organization to his whole bearing, and his expression betrayed depths of feeling under a steady reticence and a great working power. That he was the minister of great ideas was clear to any one who studied him intelligently; that he was the servant of tyrannical duties was also apparent. There was not only the shadow of extreme fatigue on his face; there was also the look of a man harassed and embarrassed to the very limit of endurance, who longs passionately for escape. This man was exalted by ideas and beaten down by the numberless details which were involved in giving those ideas practical effectiveness. So much drudgery came in the train of the ideas to which he was giving his life that for days together the ideas were hidden out of sight, lost in a maze of petty, insignificant, wearisome details; and the minister of great conceptions felt himself degenerating into the drudge of petty, irritating, stinging exactions which absorbed his time, exhausted his strength, and robbed him of his vision.

He had never felt more weary in spirit and body than at this moment, never more removed from the ends on the attainment of which he had set his heart, never more forsaken by the inspiration of the noble things he sought. They seemed to have vanished and left him the slave of petty duties and the drudge of meaningless service in the house of a stupid and irrational tyranny.

In his weariness he fell asleep, and dreamed a dream born of his fatigue and his idealism. He seemed to be climbing a mountain which rose in fair and noble lines in the clear summer light. The approach was across a meadow flecked with shadows of passing clouds, with sheep browsing on the tender grass; the long, gentle slope to the edge of the woods

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starred with flowers and swept by a flood of light. He ran shouting with pure joy in the day, the trial of strength, and the great view which in imagination he already saw from the summit. Far over him an eagle wheeled in a vast cycle and then rose with sublime ease against the sun, and the man caught the splendor of the strength and sweep of vision which the bird typified.

The open space was soon crossed and the conditions of ascent changed; there was still the path, however, and the man walked easily and without effort in the shade of the trees. Presently the trees were set more closely, the path ended, the way through the forest became more difficult. The climber walked with slower step, and the gladness on his face gave place to quiet confidence. As he advanced the difficulties multiplied; the mountain-side became rougher, the underbrush more dense, the air heavier; the climber's breath came more quickly, he began to feel a great thirst, and drops of sweat gathered on his face.

Resolute and unshaken in purpose, he pressed on, and, as he climbed, the way became more precipitous, the obstacles more vexatious, the heat more unbearable, the effort more painful. The exhilaration had vanished, for there was no outlook; the man was environed with dense underbrush, hemmed on every side by thorny and stinging growths; he saw only the little space in which he stood; beyond, on every side, there was an impenetrable wall of dense shade which seemed to mock and deride him with silent, mirthless opposition.

His face was set and his courage did not fail, but every nerve was strung to the utmost tension, his heart beat like a great hammer, his feet were sore with the roughness of the stony way, his dress was torn, the sweat poured from his face, and his body ached with fatigue. There was, apparently, no escape from the heat and weariness and dim obscurity. The climber almost ceased to hope; the clear line of the summit, as he had looked up to it from the fertile fields, faded from his memory; no glimpse of the far landscape came from time to time to give him strength. In the long strain, the unrelieved agony of unbroken effort, he came at last to think of nothing save the next step. The noonday heat was on the world, and on the steep side of the mountain it smote the climber, through the shallow foliage of rough hillside growth, with relentless pertinacity. So dense was the air and so sultry that he seemed at moments on the point of fainting from sheer suffocation; and yet, hour by hour, exhausted, solitary, with fading vision and dying hope, but with unfaltering purpose, he climbed step by step the steep ascent.

The afternoon shadows lengthened; the air freshened; over the world there lay an indescribable tenderness of beauty, and the mountain rose in benignant and protecting solemnity at the great gate through which the sun was passing on to other dawns and days. And when the glory was so vast that sky and landscape seemed to lose all hardness of line and blend in one sublime harmony of color, a worn figure emerged at the summit and paused for a moment bewildered by the sudden splendor; then, suddenly, as if lifted by the swift realization of a hope long buried under some black despair, drew itself up with conscious strength, and caught the light and stood erect with a consciousness of mastery.

And the man awoke, and first marveled at his dream and then understood.

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The Negro Common Schools

Every year since their organization in 1896 the Atlanta Conferences have published an invaluable report upon present conditions among the negroes. A new field of inquiry is every year marked out for the next year's Conference, and the inquiry is made to cover all the Southern States by the indefatigable industry of Professor Du Bois, of Atlanta University, and the negro students and graduates of other colleges who are co-operating in this important work for their race. The last volume takes up the subject of the negro common school, and here the report is made all the more valuable by containing the testimony of white superintendents as well as negro teachers regarding the work done in the negro schools.

The report begins with a history of the

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negro school system, which is probably the best history that has appeared of the whole public school system of the South. The public schools of the South, as Garner frankly admits for his own State in his history of "Reconstruction in Mississippi," are the outcome of "carpet-bag" legislation. "The so-called 'carpetbag' governments," says the present report, "have undoubtedly many sins to answer for. Supported by ignorant and unlettered negroes, and led in many cases by unscrupulous Northerners and Southerners, they were extravagant. And yet we must give them credit for what they did well: 'They instituted a public school system in a region where public schools had been unknown.'" Nearly all the seceding States established their free school systems for whites and blacks in 1868, 1869, and 1870. When the reconstruction governments were overthrown in the years of Republican defeat following the panic of 1873, there was "a critical period of doubt and suspense" as to whether the new school system should be continued. But, says the report, "the schools were founded; the negroes were citizens and voters," and "the same men who in 1865 had voted the negro children back into quasi-slavery . . . saw that it was too late, and took hold of the vast work of carrying on the schools."

The financial sacrifices made by the impoverished Southern States to carry forward this public school system are graphically presented. "The war," says the report, "had left the South bankrupt. The rehabilitation of the State governments on the simplest scale meant heavy burdens in taxation upon a ruined and poverty-stricken people. When, therefore, in addition to this they were asked, in obedience to public opinion and law, to add to their burdens the expense of a public school system, not only for the white children, but for the black children, there can be no reasonable doubt but that this demand was unfair. The whole Nation was responsible for slavery. . . . The smallest return thinkable [from the Nation] was free elementary education to black children. The North gave large and enthusiastic temporary aid to this end, but the vast cost of the permanent provision it demanded that the South should bear. Under such circumstances it was perfectly natural that the South, smarting under the sting of defeat and overweighted with new poverty, should shrink angrily from the burden."

The spirit of the report, it may be seen, is far from critical toward the white people of the South, but the predominance of this friendly spirit only makes the more weighty the two salient conclusions to which the investigation has led. These are briefly as follows:

1. The negro schools of the South receive less than half as much public money as the white schools in proportion to the number of each race.

2. The negro people, outside of a few cities, have paid nearly all the school taxes which the negro schools have required.

The first of these propositions is shown to be true in nearly all the States south of the Potomac, North Carolina and Texas being the only noteworthy exceptions. In South Carolina, where the colored population of the school age is more than half again as great as the white, the State school report shows the following division of the school funds in 1900:

White schools	$693,000
Negro schools	203,000

The percentage of negro children not attending school is, of course, greater than the percentage of white children, and the race with the smaller attendance naturally receives the smaller appropriation; but even when the comparison is restricted to the relative treatment of children actually attending school, the contrast is still striking. We give it in the words of the Atlanta "Constitution," quoted in the present report: "The cost of the negro schools, attended by 155,602 children, was a fraction less than $1.30 per pupil for the school year. The expense of the white public schools, attended by 126,000 children, was $5.54 per pupil." In South Carolina, according to the official returns, less than one-fourth as much public money was given to educate the children of the weaker race as to educate the children of the stronger.

With regard to the extent to which the negroes have paid the school taxes required by their own schools, the figures in the present report are quite a new revelation, and we shall be interested to learn

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how they are received by Southern school officials. We have so long been taught that the white people of the South pay the cost of the schools for the negroes, just as the property-owners of the North pay the cost of the schools for the poor, that we are hardly prepared for the estimates of Professor Du Bois and his associates. Yet, in the main, their estimates are based upon eminently safe assumptions. The chief of these are that the negroes contribute their proportionate share of the indirect taxes—chiefly liquor taxes—and that they are entitled to their proportionate share of the interest on State school funds—obtained, as a rule, from National grants or from public lands. In Virginia, for example, the negroes own property assessed at more than $16,000,000. The school taxes on this are reckoned at the minimum rate of 30 cents per hundred dollars, or $48,000 in all. The poll taxes paid by Virginia negroes amount to $125,000. The negroes' proportionate share of the State funds from lands, etc., is $93,000. These items aggregate $267,000. "To this," says the report, "must be added the negroes' share of the indirect taxes, which would probably increase the total contribution of colored people to $300,000 or $350,000." The last-named figure is the Hampton Conference's estimate of the total cost of the negro schools of Virginia, and the present report concludes that "the education of the negroes in Virginia is costing the [white] taxpayers of the State less than $50,000 a year." To the careful reader this conclusion is made the stronger by the extremely low estimate made of the negroes' share of the indirect taxes. According to Commissioner Wright, State and local liquor licenses in the United States average four dollars per family each year. If they average one dollar per family among Virginia negroes, the total contribution of their race to the school funds of the State fully equals the cost of the negro schools.

The figures for other States cannot be presented in a short article. In several of the Southern cities the report recognizes that the wealthier race is taxing itself to educate the poorer, and everywhere it recognizes that most of the taxes levied for other purposes than schools fall upon the wealthier race. But when all this has been duly considered, every American who believes that all classes should be taxed in proportion to their wealth to carry on public work will feel that the negro is taxed more than this; and every one who believes that all classes are equally entitled to the benefits of our educational system will feel that the negro child is being deprived of a part of his American birthright. Both at the South and in the North the report of the Atlanta Conference makes a strong appeal to the consciences of all who would help lift up the race that is down.

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The Spectator

The Spectator laments the progressive citification of the country. It grows more like the town every day. He begins to dread the time when the wilderness shall succumb utterly to the summer boarder, and one vast unrelieved monotony shall engulf the whole green earth. Formerly, when Mr. and Mrs. Spectator went a-summering, they took no thought wherewithal they should be clothed. The all-important thing was freedom and the return to the soil. But we have changed all that. Nowadays Mrs. Spectator gets a pair of deep-carved lines between her brows while she struggles with her vacation wardrobe; and the Spectator gets a pair of deep-carved lines between *his* brows as he contemplates the resultant bills. Not that Mrs. Spectator is an extravagant, worldly-minded creature; far from it. With tears in her eyes she deposes that she is forced to buy no end of fluffy inutilities if she is to visit the country homes of her friends.

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As for thoroughgoing summer resorts, everybody knows what *they* are. For several seasons the Spectator family pursued the elusive phantom of a really beautiful country place where flannels constituted full dress and hats were considered bad form. Spot after spot on the coast, each guaranteed to be quite informal, they tried, only to come upon the same tell-tale row of bemuslined women embroidering on the hotel veranda. When the Spectator discovers that symptom of urbo-rusticity, he takes Mrs. Spectator away by the next train. At last he bethought him of a charming mountain-side

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colony, where, of old, artists and literary folk were wont to congregate, and dress and formality were reduced to their lowest terms. Alas! every trace of bohemian simplicity had vanished from the place. White petticoats were dragged about over the deep red dust of the mountain roads, and delicately gowned women went about from cottage to cottage for afternoon tea. Gloves were worn to the tiny chapel, and dress suits to dances and things at the inn. The Spectator is persuaded that by this time ping-pong has polluted the Canadian backwoods, and the embroidery-needle reigns in the heart of the Adirondacks. He abandons the American summer resort as a good thing spoiled.

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Escape would seem to be offered through the door of foreign travel. But, unfortunately, life by time-table is the reverse of restful. Still, the Spectator finds his solution of the summer problem over seas. He takes Mrs. Spectator to some quiet, delicious corner of Old England, where, in the retirement of some primitive cottage, he and she can vegetate and enjoy the earth. Expensive? By no means. He has but to purchase in England an imperishable suit of tweeds at half the home price, and to throw into the balance Mrs. Spectator's dressmaker's bill of the previous summer, to convince himself that he has made a speculation.

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Devonshire is oftenest the place of his choice. He goes before the tourist dares, and he and Mrs. S. have a coach and six almost to themselves for that finest drive in England—from Minehead to Lynton. A few days idled away on the brink of those sheer, rugged cliffs, with sea-gulls wailing about the green caves far below; a few sunsets seen from Castle Rock, the noble headlands turned to impossible pinks and purples, the sea to violet and clearest emerald—a few such days and nights, and the Spectators are ready to pass on to settle down at Clovelly.

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It was primrose time when Mrs. Spectator—then a newly acquired possession—was first taken to Clovelly. Anxious to light upon perfect weather, the Spectator took much advice. Steamer friends urged him to go with the wild roses in June, but warned him it might be wet. His London hostess declared for July and the purple heather, though she feared July brought rain. The Spectator was prepared to answer himself for the drizzles of August. So he took his little bride in May. The sun shone generously as he helped her to the box-seat of the coach at Bideford, but ere long an insidious mist came creeping in from the sea, and swathed the world in impenetrable white. It fogged the Spectator's glasses. But that was nothing to what it did to Mrs. Spectator's hat. It was a jaunty little affair, which suited Mrs. S.—and incidentally the Spectator himself—to admiration. He remembers it to this day. It had a rope of green stems round the brim, looped up in front with a great bunch of velvety foliage. After an hour's blind swaying through the mist, the Spectator rubbed his glasses and peered down upon his lady to see how she bore disaster. The moist air had brought a delicate color to her cheeks; but, behold! her hat had popped! Each several cotton stem had come unrolled; the loop in front was swollen to the size of a cannon-ball; and every separate velvet leaf curled distractedly off its stem. Beholding that distressful sight, Mrs. Spectator wept.

❀

Blundering male consolation was being administered, when the coach stopped, and a guard appeared with a ladder inviting the passengers to descend. The Spectator looked about. Nothing to be seen but mist. "Oh, no," he said, firmly. "*We* are going to *Clovelly*." "This *would be* Clovelly," persisted the guard, dispassionately. Mrs. Spectator said she was glad he had the grace to put it in the subjunctive—it seemed so excessively doubtful. But she got down into the blank white mist where Clovelly should have been. And that was May in Devonshire.

❀

Not that in Devon the sun never shines. The Spectator simply fell upon what the Germans call "unluck." Moreover, if damp interludes there be, Clovelly makes up for it handsomely. Consider the uniqueness, the complete informality, of the life. There is, to begin with, the

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novelty of living on the bias. The little village clambers from out the forest and down to the blue sea, through the steepest and narrowest of green combes—a mere wrinkle in the bluff. It boasts but a single street, and that street a crooked stone staircase. The Spectator's mail arrives addressed thus simply—"The Spectator, 14 Clovelly." As for his trunk, *that* comes thumping down the village strapped to a sledge shaped like an exaggerated Canadian skee. Hand-luggage follows on the back of a donkey, whose neat hoofs click musically on the stone steps. His—the Spectator's—house is a fisherman's five-roomed plaster hut. Yet he would not exchange his tiny cottage chamber—clean-swept, perfumed with the scent of jessamine and the smell of the salt sea—for the most overpowering of hotel "apartments;" nor his little private breakfast-room, where the finest of chops and joints come smoking hot to his table, convoyed by his Devonshire hostess herself, for the much din and little dinner of a great hotel café.

❀

In effect the diagonal hamlet is audaciously picturesque. Two irregular rows of little white plaster huts—low-roofed, vine-draped, set each in a walled garden just big enough to accommodate one luxurious cat—go stepping down the sides of the winding village stair, twist with it over the brow of the bluff, and go tacking down the sheer face of the cliffs to the sea. At a twist in the staircase, the street dives under a ruinous cottage, making a rude archway to frame in a wide sweep of Bristol Channel, the little blue harbor, and the fishing-boats lying within the arm of an ancient pier, tilted everywhither among kelp-covered boulders. The Spectator is never so nearly a kodak fiend as at Clovelly.

❀

The descent of the village is an art. None do it properly save Clovellians and cats. Mrs. Spectator goes down sidewise, which is safe, if scarcely graceful. The ascent is all very well except when it rains, and then it is like climbing the face of a cataract. Mrs. S. says she should have known that dogs would shun this ridiculous little town, and that there would be a profusion of cats. There is an obliquity about the place which, she says, fits well with the essential femininity of cat nature. Certainly the cats are there—a veritable congress of pussies. The Spectator hastens to say that it is not a Saengerfest. Clovelly cats are seen, not heard.

❀

Fish the Spectator used innocently to suppose to be the chief of Clovellian diet. But though he and his spouse climb daily down the picturesque back staircase to the neat little harbor, and watch the village fishing-fleet put out to sea, or watch them straggle in at sunset loaded with scaly prizes; though brown fish-nets are everywhere drying on the gray old stone pier, never a fish comes unbidden to the table at "14 Clovelly." The Spectator, going boating with sundry sunbrowned Devon sailormen, has found out why. Clovellians not only count their eggs—which are fishes—before they are hatched, but sell them too. The whole year's catch is bought up before the season opens, and not a single fish can be legitimately cooked for a village table. The Spectator is therefore his own fisherman. Nice Channel lobsters, though, are caught and dressed to his order by some mossy old salt too "bad with rheumatiz" to go with the fleet. Moreover, the Spectators console themselves with unlimited Devonshire cream. Mrs. S. has educated herself in the art of preparing that curdled dainty, originally in view of importing it into her American home. The Spectator regrets to record that no milk has been found in the States rich enough for the manufacture of that Americo-Devonshire cream.

❀

While his spouse dips into dairying and the like, the Spectator takes to the water with net and trawl. Or they twain ramble off through the high forest of Clovelly Park, stopping to look down on the great wooded headlands of that wild shore, and upon the little white village between them, slipping glacier-like into the sea. They coach into Cornwall. They draw books at the little bird's-nest of a loan library, and read them aloud on the rocky little beach. They drowse, and dream, and are supremely happy. Thus in a far corner of Britain do they slip the leash of fashion for a season, and go free.

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THE TRAGEDY OF PELÉE[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

III.

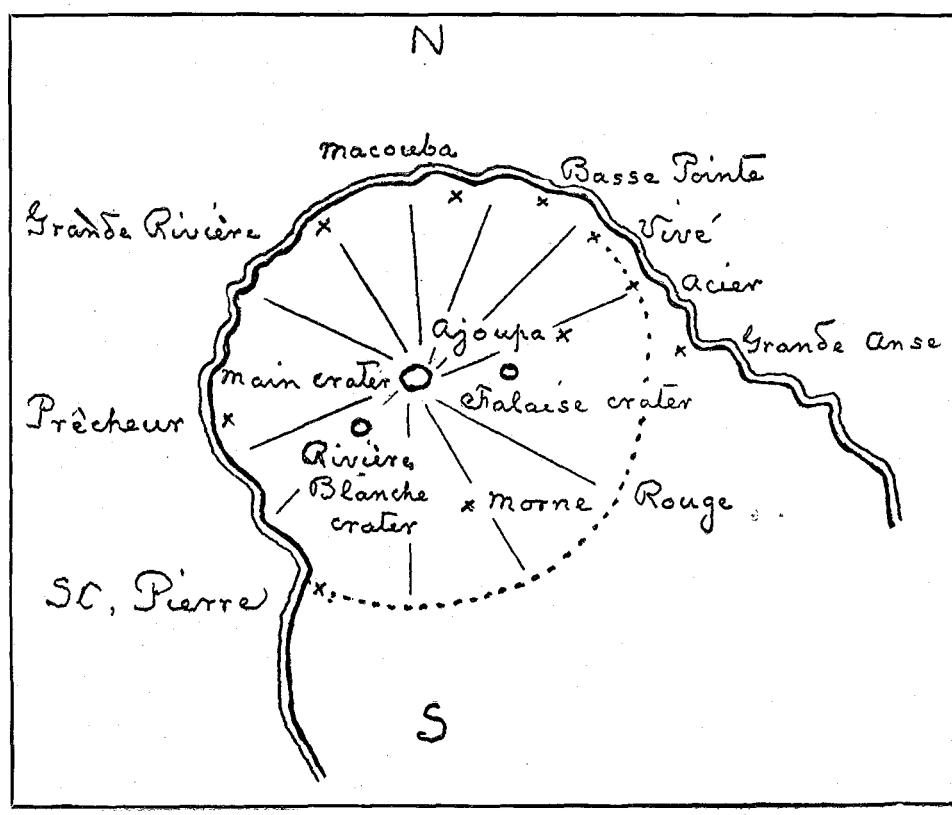
In the Track of the Volcanic Tornado

ON the morning after our arrival at Vivé we had, for the first time, a clear view of the volcano from the eastern side, and were able, with the aid of a field-glass and a fairly good French map, to get something like a correct idea of its topography and contour.

Mont Pelée, with its radiating buttresses, occupies the whole northwestern end of Martinique, from the river Capot to the ocean. If a curved line were drawn across the island from St. Pierre to Vivé, in such a manner as to include the valley of the Capot, it would form, with the ocean boundary, a nearly perfect circle, about ten miles in diameter, with the main crater of the volcano near its center, and a series of alternating ridges and valleys radiating on all sides to the periphery. If this circle were regarded as a huge wagon-wheel, the main crater would occupy nearly the position of the hub; the divergent arêtes or buttresses would represent the spokes; and most of the neighboring settlements would stand at short intervals around the rim, as shown in the accompanying plan.

This rough sketch-map is not drawn to scale, and makes no pretension, of course,

[1] Copyright, 1902, the Outlook Company, New York.



IN THE VICINITY OF MONT PELÉE

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to accuracy. It is merely an illustrative diagram, intended to show the contour of the volcano in plan, and the relative positions of the villages that stand at its foot or on its flanks.

If all the ridges or arêtes indicated in the sketch were as straight as the lines that stand for them, and if they had a regular and uniform slope from the main crater to the periphery of the base, the volcano would have the shape of a low cone, with a gradient of about one in six. Inasmuch, however, as some of these arêtes are very irregular in contour, keeping nearly if not quite up to the level of the crater for half a mile or more, and then falling in lines that are convex rather than concave, the mountain looks more like a "hog-back" than a cone. From Vivé it has the appearance of a great mountainous ridge, whose contour-lines are not generally steep, and whose crest, seen in profile, is a slightly inclined plane. From its highest point, which seems to be north of the main crater, it slopes gently southward for three-quarters of a mile, and then falls rather abruptly to the long, wavy line of the watershed that separates the upper Capot from the Rivière des Pères and the Roxelane.

High up on the volcano, at the heads of the diverging arêtes, rise a dozen or more streams which tumble down to the sea on all sides of the mountain, falling very rapidly at first in deeply eroded gorges shaggy with tropical vegetation, and then flowing more slowly through open valleys whose slopes are covered with a green carpet of young sugar-cane.

A short distance east of the main crater, in the gorge of the wild mountain torrent known as the Falaise, there is an intermittent sub-crater, which throws out at intervals immense quantities of boiling water or mud; and in the gorge of the Rivière Blanche, on the southwestern slope of the mountain, there is a second sub-crater, which seems to be connected with the main crater by a long fissure, and which is a more dangerous opening, perhaps, than either of the others.

If I had happened to see Mont Pelée from the northeastern coast of Martinique before it began to be active, I do not think that its form would ever have suggested to me the idea of a volcano. It is not a cone, nor even a peak; it is not streaked with ancient lava-beds; it has no notch or depression that looks like a crater; and before the eruption of May 8 its lower slopes were green with sugar-cane, tobacco, cacao, and indigo; its gorges were full of vines, wild bananas, arborescent ferns, flowering shrubs, and breadfruit-trees, and the whole massive ridge was clothed with luxuriant vegetation to its very summit. It looked, doubtless, at that time, like any one of a hundred mountains that might have been seen in non-volcanic parts of the tropical zone. No mistake as to its character, however, could have been made when I saw it first from Vivé. Above the line of Mr. Clerc's sugar plantation it was as bare and gray as a waterless, sun-scorched ridge in a Central Asiatic desert. The trees in the gorges had all been killed by volcanic dust, and did not show a trace of color; the surfaces of the arêtes were covered two feet deep with compacted ashes, through which wrinkle-like furrows had been cut by down-rushing water; the upper slopes, near the central part of the crest, were strewn with stones, boulders, and volcanic bombs; the northern end of the ridge was almost as white as if soda or salt had been sifted over it; and above the main crater stood a great pillar of cloud a thousand feet in height, which bent a little to leeward with the steady trade-wind, and dropped a dark, rain-like shower of ashes over the village of Prêcheur. The whole mountain looked bare, desolate, and threatening.

We spent most of our first day at Vivé indoors. The sky after breakfast became overcast; heavy storm-clouds gathered about the summit of the volcano; and the weather looked so unpromising that we decided not to attempt anything more difficult than a short drive to the village of Basse Pointe, which had just been deluged, and partly destroyed, by a flood of water and mud which rushed down upon it suddenly from the volcano. Mr. Clerc volunteered to accompany us in the capacity of driver and guide; mules and a light two-seated carriage were ordered, and in half an hour we were sweeping around the curves of the hard, beautifully kept road which skirts the surf-beaten coast from Trinité to Grande Rivière.

Groups and files of fugitives from the northern villages began to pass us as

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soon as we came out upon the highway. Barefooted, bareheaded negroes in dirty cotton shirts and drawers were driving southward unyoked oxen with coils of heavy iron chain around their horns; women who had pinned bright-colored paper pictures of the Virgin Mary over their hearts to protect them from the volcano, but who seemed to have more faith in their own legs than in the Madonna, passed us from time to time with head-loads of furniture, kitchen utensils, bedding, or food; children trotted soberly behind their parents with wooden trays of fruit on their heads, or pet chickens, kittens, or puppies in their arms; and now and then a mounted planter in helmet and white duck rode past on his way to Trinité or Fort de France. All were endeavoring, apparently, to get out of range of a volcano that had shown its ability and readiness to kill at a distance of five miles with stones, mud, fire, lightning, steam, ashes, and floods.

When we reached Basse Pointe and saw the destruction that had been wrought by the flood of water and the semi-liquid avalanche of mud and boulders that had rushed down the stream on which the village is situated, we felt more inclined than ever to sympathize with the fugitives and to excuse even the weak faith of the women with the paper pictures of the Madonna pinned over their hearts. Nobody could be expected to live in the shadow of a mountain that might at any moment let loose, somewhere up in the clouds, a Johnstown flood of mud and water loaded with ten-ton masses of volcanic rock. Where the torrent came from that swept through Basse Pointe I do not know; but it carried away trees and houses, strewed the bed of the stream with enormous boulders torn out of the side of the volcano, and left in the lower stories of the houses that it did not carry away a deposit of soft grayish mud four or five feet deep.

Ever since Mont Pelée began to show signs of activity, in April last, overwhelming floods of water or liquid mud, carrying volcanic boulders of immense size, have rushed at intervals down its steep gorges, on all sides and in four or five widely separated places. The first one, which destroyed the Guerin sugar-mill and killed thirty persons on the 5th of May, came, unquestionably, from the sub-crater on the southwestern face of the mountain, and was a true eruption; but it is not so certain that the floods which swept through Prêcheur and Basse Pointe were of subterranean origin. Tropical storms that have no connection whatever with volcanoes, and that, from a meteorological point of view, are perfectly normal, often cause tremendous floods in narrow valleys that happen to lie between extensive watersheds, and if to the natural downpour of such a storm were added the precipitation due to rapid condensation of immense volumes of steam from the crater of the volcano, the result might be a sudden deluge that would sweep thousands of tons of ashes off the slopes of the watershed, tear hundreds of old volcanic boulders out of the loosely compacted, cindery sides of the mountain, and then rush down the nearest drainage-channel like a huge tidal wave of liquid mud and stones, carrying everything before it.

The objections made by the natives to this explanation of the disasters at Prêcheur and Basse Pointe are, first, that the floods were not preceded nor accompanied by great storms; second, that storms severe enough to produce such effects were unknown before the volcano became active; and, third, that a storm due to general meteorological conditions would affect the whole mountain, and not merely a single gorge or valley on one side of it. When Prêcheur was wrecked by a downrush of mud, stones, and water on the 7th of May, nothing whatever happened at Basse Pointe; and when Basse Pointe was deluged, a few weeks later, Prêcheur escaped; and yet the sources of the respective streams on which these villages stand are not more than a mile apart. It is hard to imagine a storm, or a condensation of volcanic steam, that would send a tremendous flood down one gorge and not affect at all a precisely similar gorge heading only a mile or two away.

Until Mont Pelée shall cool and quiet down so that a careful examination may be made of its craters and valleys, it will be impossible to determine with certainty the origin and cause of these catastrophic floods. All that can be said at present is that, beyond question, there have been true eruptions of boiling mud and water from the sub-craters of the Rivière Blanche

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and the Falaise, and that the floods which wrecked Prêcheur and Basse Pointe may also have come from the depths of the volcano, either through the main crater or through openings or vents whose exact location is unknown.

Before we had been half an hour at Basse Pointe it began to rain; and as Mr. Varian had completed a sketch of the flood-swept valley, and Mr. Jaccaci had obtained from the remaining inhabitants of the village all the information that they could furnish with regard to the disaster, we returned to Vivé.

Rain continued to fall at intervals throughout the day, and turned the layer of ashes on the ground into a soft, gray, muddy slush, through which it was very unpleasant to have to walk. We therefore stayed at home, and spent most of the afternoon in the shelter of the broad, sea-facing piazza, where we smoked, talked, and refreshed ourselves at proper intervals with cooling drinks. The subject of the conversation, of course, was the volcano, and Mr. Clerc gave us a graphic description of the destruction of St. Pierre, which he witnessed from a long ridge, or *morne*, about a mile east of the city. At the time when Pelée became active he happened to be in St. Pierre, with his wife and children, visiting friends. Alarmed by the frequent showers of ashes and the threatening appearance of the volcano, as well as by the destruction of the Guerin sugar-mill on the 5th of May, he took his family to the house of another friend on the heights of Mont Parnasse, where at least no danger was to be apprehended from such floods as the one that had just swept down the valley of the Rivière Blanche.

The morning of May 8 dawned clear; but a column of vapor was rising to a great height above the main crater of Pelée, and ashes were falling all along the line of the coast from St. Pierre to Prêcheur. An occasional detonation could be heard in the direction of the mountain, but there was no other sign or forewarning of the impending catastrophe. About eight o'clock, with a rending, roaring sound, a great cloud of black smoke appeared suddenly on the southwestern face of the volcano near its summit, and rushed swiftly down in the direction of St. Pierre as if it were smoke from the discharge of a colossal piece of artillery. There was no sharp, thunderous explosion when the cloud appeared, nor was it preceded or followed by an outburst of flame; but as it rolled like a great torrent of black fog down the mountain slope there was a continuous roar of half-blended staccato beats of varying intensity, something like the throbbing, pulsating roar of a Gatling-gun battery going into action. The time occupied by the descent of this volcanic tornado-cloud was not more, Mr. Clerc thinks, than two or three minutes; and if so, it moved with a velocity of between ninety and a hundred and forty miles an hour. It struck the western end of Mont Parnasse about half a mile from the place where Mr. Clerc was standing; swept directly over St. Pierre, wrecking and setting fire to the buildings as it passed, and then went diagonally out to sea, scorching the cocoanut palms and touching with an invisible torch a few inflammable houses at the extreme northern end of the village of Carbet.

It began almost immediately to grow dark—probably as a result of the mushrooming out of the immense, ash-laden column of vapor thrown heavenward from the main crater—and in ten or fifteen minutes the only light to be seen was a faint glow that came through the falling ashes from the burning ruins of St. Pierre. It was so dark that Mr. Clerc could make sure of the presence and safety of his wife and children only by groping for them and touching them with his hands. He could not see even the outlines of their figures. In fifteen or twenty minutes more, a little light began to filter through the inky canopy of volcanic dust overhead and it became possible to move about; but the landscape was still obscured by falling ashes mixed with rain, and Mont Pelée had wrapped itself from base to summit in a black mantle of vapor. Appalled by the frightful volcanic hurricane, the Egyptian darkness, the glow of the burning city, and the mystery of the whole terrible catastrophe, Mr. Clerc fled with his family and friends to a place of greater safety in the interior of the country. At the earliest opportunity he sent his wife and children to one of the neighboring islands—I think Guadeloupe—visited the ruins of St. Pierre, where many of his relatives and nearly all his dearest friends

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lay buried under thousands of tons of stones from shattered walls, and finally returned alone to his ash-powdered plantation at Vivé.

That Mr. Clerc was naturally a man of great courage appears not only from the fact that, after such an experience, he returned to his estate, which was well within the zone of danger, but from the further fact that, with his overseer, Mr. Chancel, he climbed Mont Pelée to the dry bed of the old crater-lake, and ascertained the location of the new summit-fissure through which the volcano was then discharging. He regarded his own residence, however, as a dangerous place to stay at night, on account of the lowness of its situation, the proximity of the Falaise crater, and the possibility that a volcanic deluge from that source might sweep down the valley of the Capot and overwhelm his house, just as the torrent of boiling water and mud overwhelmed the sugar-mill of Guerin in the valley of the Rivière Blanche. He therefore went every night to sleep in the house of a friend about two miles away, at the end of a high spur thrown out to the northward from the Carbet peaks. He had once saved himself, his wife, and his children by taking to the hills; and his escape on that occasion was too recent to have been forgotten. His housekeeper, Mademoiselle Marie—a gentlewoman of dauntless intrepidity—his overseer, Mr. Chancel, and all the servants of the household, remained with us at Vivé.

When Mr. Clerc bade us good-night on Saturday, it was understood that if the weather should prove favorable we would all drive the next day over the southeastern flank of Mont Pelée to Morne Rouge, and then go as far as possible down the track of the hot tornado which swept across the road near the Grande Reduit on its way to St. Pierre.

Sunday morning dawned clear; the volcano seemed to be quiescent, and at seven o'clock we started in two carriages for Morne Rouge. The road ran for a short distance along the right bank of the Capot, crossed the gray, muddy stream on a stone bridge, and then wound upward over gentle slopes covered with uncut sugar-cane toward the village of Ajoupa Bouillon. The scenery did not begin to be really mountainous in character until we reached the Rivière Falaise, which comes down to the Capot through a deep, wild gorge bounded by the high arêtes known as the Calebasse and the Morne Balai. From the bridge over this stream we ascended steadily through the half-deserted village of Ajoupa Bouillon to a height of eight hundred or one thousand feet, and then began to go around the mountain, across an interminable series of gorges and arêtes which run steeply down the Calebasse watershed to the Capot. The scenery in this part of the route was splendidly wild and picturesque, the road running back and forth in long, narrow, horseshoe curves around the heads of profoundly deep ravines, which were filled with palms, arborescent ferns, wild bananas, delicate plumes of bamboo, breadfruit-trees hung with lianas and festooned with vines, and a tropical undergrowth of almost indescribable luxuriance. Everything, however, seemed to have been scorched and withered by the hot breath of the volcano. The vines were almost bare; the blackened fronds of the tree-ferns hung limp and lifeless from their slender trunks; the road was strewn with the big, withered leaves of the breadfruit-trees; the broad, ragged foliage of the bananas had turned brown; and the luxuriant undergrowth had been plastered, broken, and beaten down by a heavy sleet-storm of volcanic ashes. Almost all of the foliage from which the ashes had been washed by rain looked brown or black, as if it had been scorched by fire or nipped by a zero frost.

Half or three-quarters of a mile from Morne Rouge we emerged from the dense tropical forest that covers the middle slopes of the volcano on the southeastern side, and ten minutes later drove up past a life-sized crucifix on the high, breezy divide that separates the Atlantic watershed from that of the Caribbean. From this point of view we could see the flat blue plain of the ocean from St. Pierre almost to Prêcheur, with the smoking crater and ash-whitened arêtes of Mont Pelée at our right, the steep forest-clad peaks of Carbet on our left, and the spire of the Morne Rouge church in the near foreground directly ahead.

Stopping for a few moments in the village to make the acquaintance of the

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devoted and heroic priest, Father Mary, who came out in cassock and incongruous white cork helmet to greet us, we drove on down the St. Pierre road in the direction of Les Trois Ponts.

The southwestern slope of Mont Pelée, as seen from Morne Rouge, consists of a series of high wooded ridges or arêtes, with deep intervening valleys, running down to the sea from the Calebasse divide. Before the volcano became active, the bottoms of these valleys were covered with truck-farms, garden-plots, or plantations of cane; and there were little nooks or patchwork squares of cultivation, here and there, even on the wooded slopes of the arêtes; but the whole country, when we saw it, looked bare, desolate, and gray. The forests were apparently dead, the luxuriant undergrowth was leafless, and a deep layer of rain-compacted ashes gave a sterile, desert-like aspect to a landscape that was once as green and fair as any in Martinique.

Half-way up the volcano, on the edge of the arête that separates the Rivière Sèche from the Rivière des Pères, we could distinctly see, silhouetted against the sky, the long, ragged line of branchless trees and splintered stubs which marked the southeastern boundary of the tornado track; and although the lower part of this track was hidden from view by the nearer mass of a high intervening hill, we knew that it must cross our road about midway between Morne Rouge and St. Pierre.

A fifteen-minute drive down the crest of a sloping buttress brought us to the bold promontory of the Grande Réduit, where the buttress ends suddenly in a high, steep bluff, and the road, turning suddenly upon itself, descends four or five hundred feet, in the double curve of a reversed letter S, to the valley of the Roxelane. A little chapel and three or four deserted houses stood near the road at the left, and on the highest part of the bluff, facing Mont Pelée, was a life-sized, tinted figure of Christ crucified, which was completely covered, from head to foot, with a sun-dried plaster of volcanic ashes. It looked as if a fire-engine had been throwing on it a stream of sticky mucilage thickened with Portland cement.

Getting out of our carriages, we walked past the crucifix and through a thicket of leafless bushes to the extreme western end of the bluff, from which an unobstructed view could be had of the tornado track where it crossed the once beautiful valley of the Roxelane. A more impressive picture of ruin and desolation it would be impossible to imagine. The valley looked as if it had first been swept by a frightful tornado that had strewn it with trees, branches, and the fragments of wrecked houses, and had then been overwhelmed by a Johnstown flood, which, after sweeping the immense masses of wreckage into heaps, had finally subsided, leaving everything covered with a thick layer of gray mud. Scattered here and there over the surface of this mud were bodies of dead men, carcasses of mules, wheels of dismembered carts, big iron kettles, pieces of machinery from some wrecked sugar-mill, timbers, boulders, roofs of houses, and great windrows of leafless, uprooted trees, which had been swept down into the valley from the slopes above.

The western end of the Grande Réduit was just on the edge, apparently, of the tornado's path. Some of the huts near the chapel had been injured, but the chapel itself was intact; the big crucifix was still standing, and within a radius of forty or fifty yards there were a number of trees that had not been touched. Behind one of the houses, however, we found the carcass of a mule, and a short distance down the road leading to the valley we came upon an overturned, wrecked carriage, half buried in a pile of broken-off tree-branches. From the fact that there were no bodies of horses or mules in the immediate vicinity of this carriage, we concluded that it had not been in use at the time of the catastrophe, and had probably been blown there from some farm-house or sugar estate on the other side of the valley. I examined it closely for traces of fire, but could find none. The light leathern top was torn, but it had not been burned, nor even scorched. Our conclusion that this carriage must have been empty when the tornado struck it proved to be erroneous. A little more than a week later we found, in the municipal hospital at Trinité, two French gentlemen named Lassère and Simonut, who were driving up from St. Pierre in this very carriage when the black cloud

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from the volcano swept across the Roxelane valley. I shall describe their experience in a later article, and need only say now that they were terribly burned; that their mules were torn loose from the carriage and swept away; and that their negro driver died, a few hours after the catastrophe, from burns and shock; and yet their carriage did not show the slightest trace of fire or heat!

We drove down into the tornado valley without finding any impassable obstruction; but a quarter of a mile beyond the base of the Grande Réduit we were stopped by a barrier of immense uprooted trees, which had been blown or washed upon the road, and which made further progress in a wheeled vehicle impossible. Leaving our carriages there, we walked down the tornado track toward St. Pierre, through a chaos of demolished houses, uprooted trees, volcanic boulders, broken tiles, smashed crockery, twisted iron bedsteads, sheets of metallic roofing, fire-scorched remains of pianos, cart-wheels, brass chandeliers, farm implements, bronze statuettes, and ash-covered wreckage of every imaginable description. Houses solidly built of stone and cement had been torn to pieces and scattered as children's play-houses of kindergarten blocks would be torn to pieces by the discharge of a thirteen-inch gun. Absolutely nothing of human construction or erection seemed to have been strong enough or solid enough to withstand the impact of that tremendous blast.

Half or three-quarters of a mile from the Grande Réduit, Mr. Clerc stopped in front of a low, shapeless mound of ash-plastered building-stones, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "This was the country house of Senator Knight's father; I knew him well." No one would have imagined that there had ever been a house there. It looked like a mass of stones heaped together at random and half buried by a sleet-storm of ashes.

In this part of the Roxelane valley there had been a large number of country houses and villas belonging to wealthy residents of St. Pierre. Some of them stood on natural or artificial mounds between the road and the river, and others on high terraces cut in the hillside above the road and supported by massive retaining walls of heavy masonry. Most of these houses, apparently, had been made of stone rubble; and when the aerial battering-ram of the tornado struck them, they burst asunder, went to pieces, and fell in avalanches of loose stones upon the road below, covering it and blocking it up so that in many places there was no trace of a road left, and we had to pick our way across the heaps of débris as best we could.

The ruin and desolation in this tornado valley would have been impressive and terrible enough, even if not related in any way to human activities and human existence; but most of these wrecked houses had been the homes of the living, and were now cairns of stones heaped up over the remains of the dead. The hot, breezeless air was heavy and fetid with the stench of decaying bodies, and every now and then we came upon a swollen, blackened corpse lying out in the open or half buried in an ash-cemented pile of stones. In two or three places, on the road or beside it, I saw human bodies that had been rolled, tumbled, and smashed by the tornado until they were nothing but huddled-up masses of torn, bloody clothing and lacerated flesh, out of which were sticking the splintered remains of arm and thigh bones. Poor Mr. Clerc, who had been entertained in many of the houses whose ruins we passed, and who knew personally nearly all of the people in this valley, became so overwrought at last with grief, nervous excitement, and the horror of the environment that he broke down in a fit of sobbing and walked away from the party until he could recover his self-control.

Half-way down from the Grande Réduit to St. Pierre a small stream came into the tornado valley from the south, and just at the junction of this stream with the Roxelane there stood, before the eruption of May 8, a pretty suburban village known as the Village of the Three Bridges. At the time of our visit it had been completely wrecked and destroyed, with the exception of four or five houses which stood in the mouth of the lateral ravine under the shelter of a high bluff. The front door of the first one we came to was open, and a rocking-chair was standing out on the piazza. Just inside the door, on a narrow cot-bed, lay, in a perfectly natural position, the figure of a dead man.

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He was plastered from head to foot with ashes, but, in places where rain had blown in through the door or window and washed the ashes off, I could see the skin of his neck, face, and hands. Flies were crawling all over him, and from a wound in his head blood had run down on the mattress and dripped from there to the floor, where it had made a little pool. There were no footprints in the ashes, and the house had not been entered by any one since the catastrophe of May 8. The man had evidently been killed instantly; but whether by heat, by noxious gas, or by a volcanic stone, it was impossible to determine. All that we could be certain of was that he was lying on that cot when the tornado swept across the valley and that he never moved afterward.

In the next room there were a man, a woman, and a child; the man lying on the floor, face downward, with his arms stretched out, and the woman and child at a little distance, huddled together with their arms under them. All were in such a state of decomposition that they would have been wholly unrecognizable. The adjoining house was also full of dead, but they were so incrusted with ashes that it was impossible to determine age, sex, or color. Just across the stream, close to the bluff, was a pretty two-story country house with a good-sized front yard which had been filled with geometrical flower-beds and blossoming shrubs. We explored it from top to bottom, but found nothing alive in it except a huge black tarantula, four or five inches across, which ran out of a crevice over one of the second-story doors. The venomous insect had survived where all the higher forms of life had perished.

I have never experienced anything more trying to the nerves than this prowling through silent, empty houses, expecting every moment to come, in the semi-darkness, upon the ghastly, ash-plastered bodies of dead men and women. If they had looked like other corpses, they would not have made such an impression upon my imagination; but in these gray, dust-covered figures there were suggestions of some mysterious, frightful end, worse than death by sickness, by accident, or even by murder. In the lower story of one house, where we had not yet found any dead, Mr. Clerc stopped suddenly, listened with strained attention for an instant, and then cried in a hoarse whisper, "Hark! what's that? There's somebody walking overhead!" A cold creeping sensation seemed to go down my spine as imagination suggested to me the picture of one of those gray figures, with swollen, blackened face and ash-plastered eye-sockets, feeling its way slowly down stairs! It was impossible, and I knew that it was impossible; but the very idea seemed to chill my blood. Mr. Jaccaci seemed cool, observant, and perfectly self-controlled at all times; but Mr. Clerc was nervously overwrought, and Mr. Varian admitted to me that those silent houses, filled with ash-plastered corpses, were the "spookiest" places he had ever seen.

Tired, faint, and sickened with the stench of dead bodies, we finally turned our faces homeward, climbed slowly up the valley over the stone-piles of wrecked houses, and drove back to Vivé.

When I went to bed that night, I found it utterly impossible to sleep. The atmosphere of the room seemed to be pervaded by a faint, corpse-like odor, and I imagined that I could see a gray, ash-plastered figure with flies crawling over it in every dark corner of the room. Satisfied, at last, that the odor of death could not be wholly imaginary, I got up, struck a light, and began to examine in turn the things that I had brought back from the tornado valley. A little etched calabash that I had picked up in one of the houses of the village of Trois Ponts proved to be so saturated with the odor of a rotting corpse that it had tainted the air of the whole room. I put it out of the window on the roof of the piazza, extinguished my light, and again went to bed; but I had a restless, feverish night, and began, for the first time, to regard that infernal volcano with a feeling of dread.

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Present Conditions in China

By Arthur H. Smith

Author of "Village Life in China," "China in Convulsion," etc.

THE phenomena presented to the view of the candid inquirer into the actual condition of the Celestial Empire of to-day are, as for many years they have continued to be, perplexing and confusing. A large proportion of the data for the formation of an intelligent opinion remains, as it has always remained, practically inaccessible, and the semi-translucent revelations of the British Blue Books and other similar official publications are deprived of most of their interest by the long delay in their appearance, and the entire uncertainty as to the significance of the parts which it has been found convenient to suppress. It is therefore literally necessary to take account for the most part of superficial indications only, and to endeavor to read into them what they may reasonably be conjectured to connote, but always with the distinct recognition that there is far more of which we know, and from the nature of the case can know, nothing whatever.

The history of the past year and a half would seem to have made it clear to every one, except to those determined not to be convinced, that Russia is and is to be the most dangerous foe—or "friend"—that the Chinese Empire in its age-long duration has ever known. In spite of courteous diplomatic explanations and promises, the whole civilized world is apparently fully persuaded that the Russian Government never had the smallest real intention of withdrawing from her domination of Manchuria, and from her minatory attitude toward Korea. From the Muscovite point of view there is much to be said in defense of this position, but that does not alter the fact that Manchuria's relations to China and to Japan are vital, and that to the other trading nations, especially to Great Britain and the United States, they are of the highest importance. There seems every reason to believe that if the crafty and somewhat enigmatical old statesman Li-Hung-Chang had lived for but forty-eight hours longer the treaty virtually ceding Manchuria to Russia would have been irrevocably signed, and China must have stood by the consequences, one of which might easily have been war, for there is a point beyond which Japan could not be expected longer to remain quiescent. As it is, there is a truce, which is literally an armed one, in which nothing can with certainty be safely predicted. The Anglo-Japanese agreement is replied to by the Russo-French Declaration, uttered with ostentatiously impressive "calmness," and meaning—no one can tell what. The matter is greatly complicated by the British control of the Chinese railway from Peking to Shanhaikuan, an agreement for the surrender of which to the Chinese has, indeed, been signed, but apparently under impossible conditions. If, as seems not unlikely, the British agree to give up the railway whenever the Russians definitely retire from Manchuria, and the Russians promise to leave that desirable group of provinces whenever the British give up the railway, there is opportunity for an indefinite deadlock, for Russia has a long railway of her own stretching to the sea at the new port of Dalny and to Port Arthur, and this line must be defended at all hazards. The force which is sufficient to protect a railway many hundred miles long on alien soil, it is needless to remark, is also adequate to achieve incidentally other results as well.

Meantime the Germans are pressing on their railway from Kiaochou to the capital of the province, Chinanfu, which they hope to reach within a few years, with economic (and not improbably political) results which no man can foresee. Already the line is nearly ready to be opened to Weihsien, a large and flourishing market city in the eastern third of Shantung, in which the American Presbyterians have long had a flourishing mission station, and to which the Tengchoufu College will ere long be removed.

The appointment of a German Consul to Chinanfu—which is a city several miles inland—will lead to new complications requiring the most alert and energetic Chinese intellect in the one who

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shall act as Governor of that ancient and historic province. Yet the successor of Yuan-Shih-K'ai, transferred last winter to Chili, is one of the typical old-time fossils, whose presence is a perpetual menace to good relations with several different foreign Powers, on account of his conservatism and his chronic inertia. That some other and better appointment has not been made is supposed to be due to the practical impossibility of finding the right man—a common complaint in the most ancient and the most densely populated empire that the world has ever seen.

In addition to the railway rights of the Germans there are mining concessions, long granted in substance, and now claimed in reality, each one of which may be the stick of dynamite leading to a sudden and perhaps a contagious explosion. The antecedent conduct of the Teutons in the preliminary stages of their railway work did not tend to inspire confidence that their talents for dealing with Orientals, and especially with Chinese, are such as to make the well-being of all foreigners living in the interior safe in their keeping. But it is to be hoped that experience will be shown to have taught greater wisdom.

The hands of Great Britain, to which so large a share in the opening and the exploitation of China has always been due, have for more than two years and a half, at a most critical period, been tied by the strange and, to the Chinese, absolutely incomprehensible war in South Africa. The temper of the British Prime Minister has always been so uncertain in his dealing with the Far East that we do not know what to expect. The conditions are not improved by the instinctive and incurable habit of the British themselves, of complaining of everything which is done and also of everything which is not done—a circumstance which one would suppose must tend to make all British officials, both at home and abroad, wholly impervious to every sort of criticism.

For many months the air has been filled with rumors of actual work to be begun on railways and on mines in various portions of China, but most of them appear to be at least premature. The Yuehhan line from Hankow, on the Yangtzu River, to Canton is really in hand, the details being unknown to the public. But the promised (or threatened) railway from Peking to Kalgan, from the Luhan line near Chengtingfu in Chili to the capital of Shansi, and the far more important Anglo-German route from Tientsin southward to Chinkiang or to some other point on the Yangtzu, are as yet only potentialities.

Meantime a "rebellion" has been raging in one of the southernmost provinces (Kwangsi), the nature of which has been much disputed, and the importance of which appears to have been purposely exaggerated. It has been represented in telegrams as the most important anti-dynastic movement since the Taiping Rebellion, which, after fifteen years of slow ruin, was put down in 1865. On the other hand, it is, with much greater probability, declared to be one of those periodic outbreaks which, especially in southern China, keep the popular mind in a ferment. The Government definitely affirms its suppression, but no attention, rightly, is paid to these assurances, their worthlessness being well known. But it is likely that within a few weeks (or months) it will gradually fade from view, having been undergoing gradual absorption.

To foreigners in the northern parts of the Empire far more interest attaches to a rising in the southern portion of the metropolitan province of Chili, which originated in some counties in the prefecture of Shuntefu. A military graduate is said to have been at its head, and he is alleged to have begun by the murder of his own family, by way of showing his good faith, and also of burning his bridges behind him. The animus is supposed to have been popular discontent with the indemnity taxes, and the "embattled farmers" certainly gathered in great numbers, and were cut down by hundreds by the Government troops.

The first slaughter took place on the 3d of March. Yet, despite the known vigor and activity of Yuan-Shih-K'ai, the movement was not crushed, and two months later a substantial repetition of the same events occurred, but this time a large number of Yuan's new recruits, together with their commanding officer, are said to have been massacred in cold blood. This could be met only by extermination of

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the villagers and the extinction of their villages—a drastic remedy supposed to have been tried on a large scale. According to official accounts, everything is now "quiet," but the complications are very serious. In an adjacent county a Roman Catholic priest was murdered exactly as was Mr. Brooks, the first victim of the Boxers, at the close of December, 1899. This event calls attention to the fact that within the fifteen or sixteen months following the treaty of peace many foreigners have been killed in parts of China widely distant from each other. The number must be six or eight, possibly ten, and the concomitants seem to show that, with the best intentions on the part of the central Government, it is literally unable wholly to prevent these murders, though it can punish them after they have occurred. As the latest one is in Yuan's own province, and as he is technically responsible, and his proclamations have been of a verbally Draconian order, it will be interesting to watch the practical outcome of this case.

It should be added that the extortions of some Chinese acting in the name of the Church (largely, but not exclusively, the Roman Catholic branch of it) have greatly irritated the people in the regions where they have occurred. After the foreign troops were withdrawn there was the strongest temptation and every opportunity to indulge in revenge, for which the Chinese have a talent amounting at times to genius. It would be wrong not to point out that in the case of the Protestants the number of Christians who have made themselves liable to these reprisals is very trifling, and the same may perhaps be true in the case of the Roman Catholics, but, as their constituency is larger, a judgment on this point is more difficult. The matter is of importance for the reason that the irritation due to dissatisfaction with increased taxation is likely to be general, and since the payment of the indemnities is to be spread over the ensuing nine-and-thirty years, it is hard to see why it may not be permanent. In this way the strained relations between the Christians and the non-Christians may be a serious element in the future of the Empire.

Now that the foreign troops have been largely withdrawn, prosecutions of former Boxer leaders are to a considerable extent discontinued, and while great numbers have been capitally punished, the rank and file are practically innumerable. Many of the leaders or sub-leaders have recently returned to their homes, and it would not be reasonable to expect them to let slip the opportunity to persecute those whom they two years since tried to kill, but with imperfect success. These cases are in practice very difficult of adjustment. The local magistrate is often in reality a bitter foe of the "Instruction;" his superiors, while ostensibly ordering an impartial investigation, may be of the same mind, and meantime the poor Christians are in such cases as forlorn a flock of expatriated sheep as can be imagined.

In order to comprehend the real conditions, it is necessary to take account of the Chinese point of view as well as of our own. The combined force of different irritants brought about the Boxer rising two years ago. It aimed to drive out every foreigner, and incidentally to exterminate the "Instruction." In each of these particulars it has failed. It has, as already remarked, been a financially expensive failure, for which millions yet unborn must help to pay. The terms of the protocol and of the treaty must seem to the Chinese hard, and are in every way distasteful. The forbidding of the importation of munitions of war is at once exasperating and useless. They will still be smuggled into China, and the Chinese will be forced to manufacture them upon an unprecedented scale. The discontinuance of civil examinations for five years in cities where foreigners were killed was by some thought to be a far-sighted piece of wisdom, and by others criticised as a useless nettle to Chinese pride. It is, at all events, neatly circumvented by official orders that the examinations for such cities are to be held in the capital of some other province—a detail in which foreigners can in no way interfere. It thus amounts to a fine on literary candidates of their traveling expenses to and from a more distant point than heretofore—a result by no means contemplated in the treaty.

Officials of a distinctly anti-foreign bias are put into high places all over the Empire without protest (or at least without effective protest) from any "Power." The result is already seen in countless

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tangles which are becoming more and more complex. On the other hand, the few really intelligent and open-minded officials competent to deal with foreign affairs in a large way are each and every one the victims of their environment. Yuan-Shih-K'ai is by far the ablest and the strongest of them all, but if he were not backed by Yung-Lu, the darkly mysterious Manchu whose romantic career is intertwined with the leading events of the past four years in China, there is no knowing how long he might be able to stand against hostile censors and the malignity which always pursues the wise and the able. This is well illustrated by Yuan's recent scheme to found in Paotingfu a medical college to be presided over by Dr. Peck, a missionary physician of more than twenty years' experience in connection with the American Board. But, the criticism having been made that to build the hospital so near to the mission compound, and to put a missionary physician at the head of it, would be to put too much prestige ("face") at the disposal of the Church, it was presently discovered that, after several months of elaborate planning, the "funds were insufficient."

The establishment by Yuan of the first of the new Government Provincial Colleges at Chinanfu last autumn was widely heralded as a sign of that new China which is to be, and for which we have long been waiting. But, after Yuan's transfer to Chili, the conservative Governor Chang, already referred to, insists upon the actual adoption of regulations which Governor Yuan had agreed should be optional. These relate to the requirements made of Christian students in the "worship" of Confucius twice a month. The original plan was quietly to ignore these rules in the case of Christians, thus establishing a *modus vivendi*, of which there is great need. But the new Governor, apparently on a hint from Peking, made the rules rigid and inviolable, with the result of the expulsion of a Christian student and the threatened resignation of Dr. Hayes and all the four Christian teachers, which may have been the end in view. Dr. Hayes complained to the American Minister, who wrote a vigorous despatch to Prince Ch'ing, protesting that this was a violation of the Treaty, and clearly showing the inevitable results. From the Chinese point of view there could scarcely be a clearer case of interference in the internal autonomy of China. But nearly all Protestants and Roman Catholics alike agree in considering this a test question, the right settlement of which is essential. Much may be said on each side, but we are merely concerned to point out the conditions.

There is a great demand everywhere for the newest Western learning literature. A recent issue of the "Chinese Recorder" mentions that a telegraphic order had lately come from far-distant Ssuch'uan calling for a large supply of these books "right away" (as Americans say), to be sent by post, at an increase for postage alone of more than $328! Stores for the sale of such publications are everywhere to be seen, there being six in Chinanfu alone. On the other hand, much of this demand is an ignorant effort to veneer Confucianism with a thin Occidental lacquer, for which *per se* nothing is cared. In current Confucian journals Christianity is denounced as effete and as lacking in the most essential elements of morality, and in some cases these claims and affirmations seem to emanate from the foremost men in China. This and other circumstances show that Christianity is entering upon a new stage of its struggle in this Empire, and that every step of its future progress is to be contested. There are not wanting many foreigners, both in China and out of it, who are profoundly dissatisfied with the results of the past two years. The Empress Dowager and her advisers unquestionably tried to expel and to kill every foreigner in the Empire, Foreign Ministers included. The Court was driven into an ignominious flight, and China "humbled in the dust," as the phrase then ran. The Foreign Ministers met and disagreed, proposed, rejected, reconsidered, telegraphed every few minutes for home instructions, modified their claims, and at last united upon something which should represent the greatest common multiple of their discordant desires. The result we know.

The Chinese Court which went out in terror returned in triumph. The discredited Empress Dowager rose to the occasion, and still remains "the only Man in China." For attending her receptions, and for inviting Manchu Princesses to the

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American Legation, Mrs. Conger and the other Legation ladies have been bitterly criticised both in China and at home. But the neglect or the refusal to consider in the protocol the relation of the Empress Dowager to the "Government" of China carried with it all that followed, by a law of inevitable sequence. If "the past, at least, is [in]secure," it is certainly not the fault of the Chinese, but of those who failed to exact what they might have done in the time for it.

There is a sincere desire in China for "reform," of such a nature that it shall neutralize the power, the influence, and the demands of foreign Powers, just as they have been to a large extent modified in Japan by processes of which the Chinese have for the most part no comprehension whatever. Nothing which has occurred within the past two years has given the Chinese any just reason to like foreign nations better than they did before, or to respect them more, while there has been much of an opposite tendency. The hopefulness of the situation lies, not in an analysis of its constituent features, but in the recognition of the fact that behind the blind struggles of nation against nation, and of all against the forces which tend to drag them to a lower level, there is a sleepless, an all-pervasive, and an irresistible Divine Providence working in and through the wills of men. In this faith we look in due time to see a New China and an altered Far East.

Fellowship with Christ

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott

. . . And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.—1 John i., 3.

LET me read the context:

That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;) that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

Fellowship means mutual dealing with another on equal and friendly terms. That is what we are to have—mutual dealing with God on equal and friendly terms. I have a canary in my study, and I am very fond of him; but there is no companionship between me and my canary; no fellowship. I like to listen to his song as I am reading and writing, and he likes me when I bring him a lump of sugar or a fig, but he does not understand my life, and I do not suppose I understand his. There is some fellowship between the greatest man who ever lived and the littlest man who ever lived; but there is no fellowship between man and the attraction of gravitation. There is fellowship between man and Stephenson, but not between man and the locomotive. There is fellowship between God and me, because there is something in common between us; and out of that something there may grow a great deal more that is common between us. This is what we mean when we insist on the declaration that God is a Person. We mean that fellowship is possible between him and us. Because this fellowship is possible, he has come down to have fellowship with us. There is where fellowship must always begin—in condescension. The lowest cannot climb up to get the fellowship with the highest. A little boy comes into the room where the father is reading the Odyssey in the original Greek. The boy says, What are you reading? Does the father begin to read Greek to him? Not at all. The boy would not understand it. The father does not even read Bryant's translation to the little fellow; he closes the book and begins to tell some adventure of Ulysses in language that the boy can understand. He comes down to quicken the boy's intellectual life by giving him so much of Homer as the little fellow can comprehend. This is incarnation. God knows there is something akin between himself and his children, and because he wants fellowship with us, and because he wants us to have fellowship with him, he comes down and begins the fellowship where we are. As a father lays aside his greatness when he

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sits down on the floor to play with his children's blocks, so God lays aside his greatness and enters into fellowship with us. He sorrows with us; not for the sake of sorrowing, but for the sake of entering into fellowship with us where we need it. He enters the battle of temptation and struggle—real, genuine struggle—in order that he may have fellowship with us down there in the valley where we are living. He takes our iniquities upon him. What does that mean? It means that he takes the whole experience of sin, except only the sinfulness itself, in order that he may have fellowship with us in that which is the darkest, the hardest, the deepest, the most horrible part of our life. And he comes down to have this fellowship with us that he may lift us up, that we may have fellowship with him in all the higher life. The ladder that rests on ground and heaven is better than Jacob's ladder; God himself comes down and takes the hand of the little child, saying, Climb with me, we will climb together. So he goes up round by round, adjusting his footsteps to our footsteps, that we may climb with him. "He hath raised us up, and made us to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ"—the intertwining of our life with his life.

This involves fellowship of will; the same great purpose in us that is in him; and so the strengthening of our weak will. When the tide turns in the Hudson River, it turns first in the center of the river, and often it is running down the center when it is running up the side. One wishes to row down stream; and when he pushes out from the bank of the Hudson River, the tide sweeps him up stream. What must he do? Put all the energy of his being to row against that up-tide until he has crossed it and gotten into the down-tide, and then he will be swept by the tide itself toward the sea. So a man in temptation wishes to escape. What is he to do? Stay on shore and hope for the tide to take him? No. Put all the strength that God has given him into his will, and pull hard for the current that is sweeping heavenward; for when he puts his will with God's will, then he comes into the divine tide. Fellowship puts my will with God's will. Not mere obedience. Not simply saying, God has said I must, and I will. Not that; but fellowship with God in the very citadel of being, fellowship in the purpose, in the deep, strong, mastering desire.

Fellowship in the intellectual life, fellowship in the point of view. There is nothing more difficult than to get another man to take your point of view, unless it be to take his point of view. The point of view determines what the vision is, and when the man's will has come into fellowship with God's will, and he purposes what God purposes and desires what God desires, he begins to get God's point of view, he begins to see life differently, he begins to look out of another window. The world seemed to him like a great manufactory in which men were making things, but now he sees it is a great school in which God is making men. The world has a very different appearance if you think of it as God's school for making men, rather than as man's factory for making cotton. Little by little the old unfaiths disappear and new faiths come to take their place. He begins to believe in immortality, Christ appears differently to him, the Bible becomes a new book. He does not know how this change has been wrought; he cannot give the argument; but his point of view has changed; his intellectual life is beginning to be clarified by his intellectual fellowship with the Father. This is something very different from simply accepting a creed because the Church has taught it; it is getting the divine vision because seeing through the divine eyes; it is getting God's point of view. To be a Christian is not to be with a purposeless will, dropping listlessly into the arms of God like the babe. We are men, not babes. It is to have a will set to do God's will. To be a Christian is not to abnegate our right of thinking, and cease wrestling with intellectual problems; it is to get God's point of view and bring the whole force of all the intellectual power God has given us to bear on the problems of life. To be a Christian is not to kill love. Mothers have told me that they are afraid lest they should idolatrously worship their children; husbands fear lest they should love their wives too much. No husband ever loved his wife too much; no mother ever loved her

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child too much. Idolatry is not loving men too much, it is loving things. You cannot idolize a person. All life's affections are like flowers. Pick them all—the love of child, the love of mother, the love of father, the love of friend, the love of country, the love of companion—and make them into one great gathering of flowers, and bring them to your God. They are like the notes in an organ: bind them all in one great harmony until all the combined experiences of love sweep on and up into the love of God who made us capable of loving. For the babe that lies in the mother's arms, and the bride looking up into the young husband's face, and the friend linking arm with the friend, and the mother rejoicing in the child nestling in her arms—all these broodings of love are God speaking to us and saying, This is what I mean by love when I tell you I love you, and this is what I mean by love when I ask you to love me; from these learn fellowship with me.

New Traits of the New American

By Rebecca Harding Davis

THERE are certain significant changes which have taken place in the American character since the Civil War which I have never seen noticed in print.

The non-voters, the idle spectators, who sit and watch the procession go by have this advantage, that they can perceive tragic and ridiculous features in it of which the man who marches sees nothing.

The changes in the men who march in our national procession have been, in the last fifty years, marked and many. Probably the most startling among them is the increased tolerance with which the American now regards other forms of government and other religious faiths than his own. His Scotch-Irish or Puritan grandfather had no tolerance. It was a weakness, not a virtue, in his opinion, to look at any question from the other side. There was no other side than his own. The man who lived under any other government than that of the United States was a tyrant or a serf; the man who subscribed to any other creed than his—whatever that might be—was a son of the devil. His own little sect filled up the narrow and strait road to heaven; all other sects were on the broad road, hurrying downward. Hell gaped for them.

There was a singular unanimity in this intolerance. We must remember that sixty years ago all of the thinking and acting of the new Republic was done by three men—the Puritan in New England, the Scotch-Irishman in the Middle States, the Englishman of Charles's day in Virginia. There was but one root to these three stems. Squabble with each other as they might and did, on the great foundations upon which life is built they stood together. As one man they prayed to the Christ of the Bible, they upheld the sanctity of married life, they hated the English, and they believed that this Republic had a mission from God to help a world trodden underfoot by tyrant kings. In that one belief the men of that older generation all shared. It held them together as the backbone does the limbs of the body, and made them a living force in the world. Their faith in their system of government was absolute. All other governments were to them wholly bad, begotten of the devil. They often showed this faith in a ridiculous, childish way. Mr. Van Buren owed his defeat in the Presidential election of 1840 largely to the fact that his son John had been presented at the Court of St. James's. It was asserted by his enemies that he actually had danced in a quadrille with the Queen. "Prince John" he then was dubbed with bitter contempt. No, no! We would have no such bending of the knee to Baal—no such paltering with the unclean thing—royalty! We were freemen—every man was a sovereign! We boasted that our representative at the Russian Court, when presented to the Czar, had shaken hands with him and said, "How's Madam?" *He* had a true conception of the dignity of the great Republic!

Beneath all this froth and absurdity, however, was a strong, fine idea. Here, we believed, was the only spot on God's earth where the poor man had a chance

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to rise. The Nation honored the poor man who had wisely used that chance, and gladly made him its spokesman and ruler.

The American of that day learned his faith in his government in his cradle. He was taught that this was the land of liberty; the only land to which the down-trodden of every nation could come and find freedom.

He was taught that this continent had been kept apart for this high purpose by God since the creation; fattening, making itself ready to feed the hosts who were to try the great Experiment. It was to be tried before the watching world—the experiment of the man who was to have the chance to develop himself, to worship God as he chose under the protection of laws which he himself had helped to make. "All men are born equal. They are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The United States was literally built by its founders upon the promise in that one sentence. It rang through the world like a trumpet-call proclaiming liberty to all the inhabitants thereof. They answered the call. They came here from every nation under heaven—by the tens—by the thousands—by the millions.

What happened then? Precisely what common sense would prophesy would happen. Each new citizen sets about pushing his own fortunes, while the great purpose, the equality of men—the vital idea of the Republic—becomes gradually to him a secondary matter. Occasionally, perhaps, he is warmed by a spark of zeal for the ultimate freedom of mankind, but his zeal for his own success is a perpetual burning fire.

The new citizens, too, represent many races, differing in creeds, in habits, and in manners. The Swede, the Pole, the German, the Russian Jew—what are the Pilgrim Fathers or George Washington to them?

I spoke of the bigoted old patriot of Clay's time as the grandfather of the present American. That was a stupid error in genealogy. An average of forty thousand foreigners rushing through our open gates every month for sixty years—men of every race, of every color and creed—scholars, serfs, anarchists, and thieves—has muddied the strain of American blood. The voter of to-day has many grandfathers. Each of them has bequeathed differing faiths, prejudices, and tongues to him. The man who sits beside you in the street-car probably is more familiar with the politics of Italy or Ireland than with our own; he sends his contribution regularly to Dublin to feed the last incarnation of the Shan Van Voght, or is more obedient to the Mafia than to the walking delegate of his trade-union. A large minority of industrious French and English men among us have never been naturalized; they are still citizens of their native country. They are here to earn a competency, and will go back to spend it "at home." Our grandfathers would have turned a cold shoulder on the man who openly declared that he never would become a citizen of the Republic.

Consider, too, the number of Americans who yearly fly to Europe to escape the strain and friction of life at home. In the older countries they find that sense of stability, of repose, which the Republic lacks. The older man knew no country but this, and wanted to know no other. His grandson is as much at home in Paris or Cairo as in Vermont or Chicago. He nibbles at every science, art, and religion. He loots the whole world to furnish his house. He has learned what to eat and how to drink.

I do not hint that one of these men is wise and the other foolish. I only say that they are different.

Another marked change is our recent startling appreciation of rank. Fifty years ago the man who hoped for office among us had to prove that he was self-made—one of the rank and file. Descent from educated gentlefolk was death to his chances. If it were his ill luck to have such forebears, they must be put out of sight and he must pose as a workingman. Clay, when a candidate for the Presidency, was christened "The Millboy of the Slashes," and fondly portrayed on banners as a bare-legged, dirty youth astride of meal-bags on a mule. The elder Harrison won his way into the White House by pictures in which he appeared in rags at work at a cider-press, near a miserable log cabin which he had just built with his own hands. A mammoth log carried into the Chicago Convention gained Abraham

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Lincoln the nomination in a burst of wild enthusiasm led by the politicians who knew that the masses always would vote for a rail-splitter in preference to a statesman.

To-day there is an eager desire in the breast of almost every American to prove that he comes of educated, leisured people. Genealogists earn comfortable incomes in humoring this popular ambition. The Heralds' College in London is besieged by American applicants urging their claim to a crest or coat of arms, and striving to prove their descent from some good family. Nor is this sudden exaltation of the advantages of good birth found only among the wealthy class in America. Every village is divided into pens like a zoölogical garden by these class distinctions; the grandsons of the blacksmith and cobbler whom everybody knew are just as ready as the millionaire with their claims to crests and titled ancestors. Members of Monarchical Orders, "composed wholly of the direct descendants of crowned heads," are to be found in every large town. Innumerable "Orders" have sprung into existence in the States during the last fifteen years among both men and women. They are based upon the real or supposed brave deeds of the ancestors of their members, who make known to the outside plebeian world their high claims by means of badges, jeweled decorations, ribbons, etc. These Orders range from the Descendants of Once Reigning Monarchs to the Sons of Privates in the late Spanish-American war.

Now, I do not say that this universal ambition to establish descent from gentlefolk is not a wise and helpful impulse and a proof that the American is growing in intelligence as in years. I only say that he has wholly shifted his base. The modern American no longer takes his proud stand among men on his own feet as a skillful farmer or inventor of saws, a scholar or an artist, but as the descendant of some mythical grandfather of merit or rank. Standing on this unsubstantial foundation, he looks down upon his low-born neighbor with a faith in birth as real and obdurate as if he were a Howard or a Bourbon.

Another new trait in the character of the American is found in his kindness, his eager, good-humored charity. His grandfather was apt to be anxious about the fate of his neighbor's soul in the next world. He strove with holy zeal and with unholy wrath to drag him into his own sect and set him right on the questions of predestination, baptism, etc., in order to save him from eternal hell-fire. But we are concerned that he should have a healthy, agreeable, useful life in this world. We spend millions in giving him free schools, hospitals, and libraries, but we are not apt to interfere with his soul. We all have among our acquaintances Protestants and Papists, Buddhists and Pagans. But we seldom tamper with their religious faith. There is now a popular conviction that it is only the underbred meddler who comes between a man and his God. I can remember in my childhood festive occasions which, after supper, turned into discussions on "experimental religion," the elders relating their personal experience with God and the devil, while the children sat on stools in the corner shivering and quaking with terror of the neighboring hell. Who would tell such a story of himself in public now? Who would listen to it?

Why is this curious change? Simply because human beings now are brought closer together by railways, by telegraphs, by the universal habit of running to and fro on the earth. Coming closer, they have found out their likeness and their kinship to each other. The "heathen in his blindness" turns out to be as honest a fellow as ourselves, as good a son, and with incomparably better manners than our own. We begin to doubt whether he ever in fact did "bow down to wood and stone." So we open trade with him and take him into our colleges, but leave his religion alone.

Even in the churches of America the majority of sermons now are wholesome literary essays and ethical discourses. The effort is seldom made to convert the soul of the man in the pew, to show him where he is derelict, to drive him to the Unknown God and the Galilean who was sent by Him for help.

We give our neighbor food and work, we teach him to sing, to cook, to dance, to drill, without charge. We open guild-halls, concert-rooms, and Temples of Delight to keep him out of vice, we look after his health, his manners, his morals,

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but we ignore the live fire inside of these things which will make him a sinner or a saint.

Perhaps after a while, when we know each other still better, we shall find that our grandfathers were nearer right than we; that it is the fire within which must be kindled if we would have the lamp burn and shine. We are very amiable when we share with our poor brother our books and motors and trade. But he is at heart, after all these ages, precisely the same man as was Adam, with a beast and a God struggling inside of him. The only real help that we can give him is to teach him which to choose. If he is a brute within, it does not matter much that he has degrees in a dozen colleges or is worth a million of dollars.

The greatest change of all in the American is the subject of such incessant gossip that I hardly need name it. It is the alarming increase of nervous diseases among us. As far as his nerves go, each American is a suicide. Specialists try to refer this collapse of the scarlet threads in our bodies to the climate. But that can hardly be true, for Southern women, Indians, and negroes breathe the same brilliant, magnetized air and endure hotter sunshine than the American of the North, yet they escape almost scot-free, while every family above Mason's and Dixon's line has its victim to nerve-prostration, either at home or in a sanitarium.

We are told by foreigners that the cause of this nervous breakdown is the universal struggle here for money—not for money to hoard, but to spend. It is not the chill anæmia of avarice, but a clutching, breathless fever which blinds its victim to all that is good in life—to honesty, to the keen delights in repose, in nature, and in simple goodness, to the unknown God himself—blinds him to everything but the dollar. This is the disease to which our German friends the other day gave the name of Americanitis. It was a savage insult, and deserved by the people of our great cities who just now have gone quite mad with money getting and spending. When the broker who plays for millions or the poor clerk who plays the game for hundreds collapses with paresis or meningitis, it is the natural end. Why should we stop to wonder?

But it is not true that the people of this country are going mad with money-getting. We who live in the half-dozen great towns are too apt to apply our own little traits to the Nation. Our greed to be rich is not yet an American characteristic. There are three or four millions of us, there are eighty-odd millions in the towns and farms between sea and sea. The majority of these millions are well-to-do, unpublished native Americans who work for their living. They are not scheming to marry their daughters to dukes or to buy for their sons yachts or coats of arms. But they are clear-headed, quiet, gently bred, often scholarly folk, inheriting these qualities from forefathers who during three centuries have done good service to God and man.

It is not fair to consider the dozen pluto-millionaires in the city and their perspiring, panting followers as the American race, or to call the malignant itch for money with which they are infected, Americanitis. There are not seven thousand but many millions among us who never have bowed the knee to Baal.

Why, then, are they disabled with nerve exhaustion? What makes them prematurely old, if not the fight for money? Probably the fight for education, or social position. The American, more than any other man, has the chance for self-assertion. He always uses it in some way. The village politician struggles into Congress, the small lawyer works his way to the bench, but the majority choose to assert themselves through their children. How many gray-haired men are toiling to-day to keep their girls in the smart set in Paris or London? How many old women are starving themselves to send Joe or Tom to Yale or Princeton? Self-sacrifice has become a common, every-day trait among us. The managers of every asylum for the insane will tell you that the majority of their incurable inmates belong to the type of commonplace mother who wears out reason and life itself for her commonplace children. She lies down on the road to make a stepping-stone for them. "Climb on me," she says; "only, go higher—higher."

Well, what better use could she make of her life?

Money-grubbing and struggles for social position are mean and vulgar traits, it is true, but a people who give their money

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to build hospitals and schools for strangers, and reason and life to lift their children higher, are not wholly vulgar or mean.

A race, as well as an individual, is wise to halt now and then in its march through life to take stock of its powers and to note any changes in its body or soul.

Even a hint from the dullest of spectators may be of use if it suggest these imperceptible but vital changes.

Leberecht Hühnchen

From the German of H. Seidel, by Anna Knight

BY the merest chance I learned that my good old friend and classmate, Leberecht Hühnchen, had some time since taken up his residence in Berlin, and held a position in one of the large machine-shops near the Granienburg Gate.

As often happens, our correspondence, lively in the beginning, had gradually diminished, and finally we had completely lost sight of each other. The last news I had had of him was some seven years ago, when I had seen an announcement of his marriage in a small town in the province of Westphalia.

Memories of a happy college life were closely bound up with the name of this friend; and I decided at once to hunt him up and renew the remembrance of the good times we had had together.

Leberecht Hühnchen was one of those fortunate people to whom a good fairy had given at his birth the best gift of all—the art of being happy; he was able to extract honey from all flowers, even from poisonous ones. I cannot recall that I ever saw him out of humor more than five minutes at a time, for at the end of that time his imperturbable sunny nature always gained the upper hand, and he was able so to turn and twist the most disagreeable things as to cover them with a rosy sheen. At Hanover, where we were both attending the Institute of Technology, he received a mere pittance from his home, and was able to provide himself with the necessities of life only by giving private lessons at a ridiculously small charge. However, this fact did not prevent him from taking part in all the student frolics, and, what I understood least of all, he usually had some money so that he was able to lend others.

One winter evening I had found myself bankrupt (I must confess a not unusual state of affairs), and my allowance not due for several days. After a most diligent search in all pockets and a frantic upheaval of all bureau drawers, it was possible to bring to light but thirty pfennige,[1] and with these coins in my pocket jangling a melancholy accompaniment to my steps, I sauntered through the streets lost in earnest thought as to the best disposition to make of my capital. From this brown study I was interrupted by Hühnchen, who suddenly stood before me, and with the happiest face in the world asked me whether I could lend him three dollars! Now, as I had about reached the conclusion to make a similar request of him, I could not refrain from bursting into a hearty laugh, and immediately proceeded to set before him the true state of affairs.

"Thirty pfennige!" he said; "why, that's fine! If we put our piles together we would not have any more, for I have just given away my last cent to Brown, our townsman, who must take part in a fraternity anniversary banquet, and, of course, needs the money badly. So you still have thirty pfennige; why, with that we will have a jolly evening—a regular feast, I tell you!"

I could only stare in astonishment.

"Just hand over the money to me," he went on. "I will do the buying; I have a lot of things at home; I tell you we are going to dine sumptuously to-night—like a Crœsus!"

Together we walked through several narrow passages in the suburb of Ægidii to his lodgings. On the way he suddenly disappeared in a small, miserable-looking shop which advertised itself by displaying a couple of clay pipes, some dusty packs of chicory and tobacco, some dingy boxes of blacking and mustard-pots on the outside, and in a short time appeared again with two packages under his arm.

Leberecht Hühnchen lived in the attic

[1] Seven and a half cents.

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of a laughably small and low house, set in an equally tiny garden. There was just enough space in his sitting-room to allow two people of modest ideas to stretch their legs comfortably, and adjoining was his bedroom, almost entirely taken up with his bed—so small that, in order to put on his boots while sitting on the edge of his bed, Hühnchen was obliged first to open the door. But with all its tininess there was something singularly attractive about this little apartment; the sunny nature of its owner seemed to have become a part of it.

"Now, first of all," said Hühnchen, "let's make a fire. You just sit down on the sofa, but be sure to pick out a valley; the sofa is somewhat mountainous; it is always good policy to find a valley to rest in."

Through the energetic efforts of my friend a fire was soon burning in the little round iron stove, which bore about the same proportion to an ordinary stove as a dachshund bears to a Newfoundland. This little stove was for Hühnchen a continual source of joy.

"I can't understand," he remarked, "what objection people can have against an iron stove; in a quarter of an hour it will be warm and cozy here, and to rake and poke a fire seems to be about the pleasantest occupation in the world; then, when everything outside is frozen hard, it is glorious to see my little stove in the corner, red and glowing, defiantly fighting the cold."

With these words he brought out a rusty tin pot, filled it with water, and placed it on the stove; then he set the table for supper. His dishes, which he kept in a small cupboard, consisted of two cups, one small and high, painted with blue forget-me-nots, and one broad and flat, without a handle. Next he brought out a battered butter-dish, a tin box containing tea, and a cardboard collar-box, now promoted to the dignity of a sugar-bowl. His most precious bit of crockery, however, was a tea-caddy of brown clay, which he always handled with extreme care, as it was an heirloom and a most precious relic. Two plates and two knives, the latter as widely different as table-knives could possibly be, a two-pronged fork that had a most uncomfortable habit of slipping from its handle, and two battered teaspoons of German silver, completed the outfit.

The table set, not without a certain grace, he cast on it an affectionate eye, and remarked, with the greatest satisfaction, "All my own; it's nice, after all, to have a little start toward housekeeping!"

In the meantime the water had commenced to boil, and Hühnchen produced from the larger package five eggs, which he at once commenced to boil, with the help of his watch. He then set by some fresh water for the tea, brought out an enormous loaf of bread, and then, with an air of the utmost satisfaction, seated himself beside me on the sofa, carefully selecting a valley adjoining my own, and the meal began.

After my friend had finished his first egg, he took a second one, and regarded it thoughtfully.

"Now look at this egg," he said; "it contains an entire chicken; it needs only to be hatched; and when the hen is grown, she lays more eggs from which more hens are produced, and so it goes on, generation after generation—I see them before me in numberless flocks. I take this egg, and with one gulp the whole brood vanishes; that's what I call feasting!"

And so we ate and sipped our tea. One queer little yellow egg was left over, and we decided to divide it. As my friend dexterously tapped the egg with his knife, he remarked: "One occasionally finds most curious examples among common eggs; the pheasants are said to lay little yellow eggs like this; I really believe this is a pheasant's egg; I once had one in my collection that looked just like this."

He carefully loosened his half from the shell and tasted it thoughtfully. Then, leaning back, with half-closed eyes, he murmured, with a gastronomic smirk, "Great! A pheasant's egg, by Jove!"

The meal finished, a misfortune confronted us. Although there was plenty of tobacco—for the smaller package contained ten cents' worth of this precious weed—my friend owned but one battered old pipe. "That's all right," said he, after a moment's pause. "Here is 'Don Quixote'" (it may be said in passing that this volume, in addition to the Bible and a few scientific works, constituted his library); "one of us will smoke

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while the other reads; you as guest will have the first chance at the pipe. Now we have everything nicely arranged."

Then, as I filled the pipe, and he thoughtfully sipped the balance of his tea, a new idea came to him.

"It is wonderful," he said, "when one thinks that, in order that I may here peacefully sip my tea and you smoke your pipe, the industrious Chinaman in far distant lands, and the negro beneath the sun of the tropics, toil and slave for us. And that is not all; the ocean greyhounds buffet wind and wave, and the caravans toil through the burning desert; the proud millionaire merchant, who lives in a palace in Hamburg, must bestow on us his thought and care, and often his commercial ventures worry him so that he cannot sleep, while we are stretched comfortably in our beds dreaming all sorts of beautiful dreams, letting him fret out his life so that we may enjoy our tea and tobacco. It makes it taste twice as good when I think of all that."

Ah, it never occurred to him that the tea-leaves we were enjoying probably grew on a willow-tree on the banks of a sluggish stream in our own Fatherland, and that the tobacco, at the best, came from Ukermark [a town in Germany where an inferior grade of tobacco is raised], or perhaps could even trace its origin to the self-same beet-root grown in the fertile soil about Magdeburg, the mother of the sugar with which we sweetened our tea!

Then we buried ourselves again in the adventures of the eternal "Don Quixote," and the evening slipped peacefully and pleasantly away.

As I made my way to my friend's house, these and similar pictures flashed through my mind, and a great longing came over me for the happy days beyond recall. How would I find my old friend? Had contact with the rude world soured his sunny nature, and made of him nothing but a scheming, speculating machine? I knew the street, but not the house-number, and I was on the point of ringing the bell of a house which I supposed was the right one when my attention was arrested by two rosy, wholesome-looking children of five and six years, who were amusing themselves in a unique way on the neighboring doorstep. It had been a cloudy summer day, and now, towards evening, a fine rain was falling. The boy, as the elder of the pair, had originated a rare sport, that of turning the face heavenward, permitting the rain to fall into the wide-open mouth. The girl had naturally followed his example, and there they both stood, the game now and then interrupted by peals of happy, childish laughter.

"They are Hühnchen's little ones!" flashed through my mind; such a game was exactly after his mind.

"What is your father's name?" I asked the boy.

"Hühnchen," was the reply.

"And where does he live?" I asked.

"In this house, three flights up," replied the boy.

"I should like to see him," I said, stroking the boy's yellow curls.

"He is at home," came the answer, and both children were off like the wind to announce my arrival. I followed slowly, and on reaching the top I found the door wide open and Hühnchen awaiting my arrival.

"Be so good as to step inside," he said, opening a second door. "Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

I made no reply, but stepped into the room and faced him. He had not changed at all, except that his beard was longer and his forehead somewhat higher; in his eyes still shone the undying sunshine. In the brighter light of the room he knew me at once; his joy was unspeakable. He threw his arms around me, and then, pushing me back, still looking fondly at me, he said:

"Do you know what I should like to do? Well, I should like to dance an Indian war-dance, just as we used to years ago when we could not control ourselves for joy. Do you remember when my sister became engaged to our favorite professor, and you made up this Indian war-dance, and I hopped along to keep you company?" and with that he swung his long legs in a way of which his younger years would not need to have been ashamed.

"My wife will be delighted," he said; "she knows and loves you already, I have talked so much about you; but I must tell you something—I don't think you know it: my wife" (and with this he pointed to his left shoulder) "is a little deformed,

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I no longer see that—in fact I never saw it, for I fell in love with her eyes, with her heart, with her sweetness and goodness—in short, I love her because she is an angel. And why do I tell you all this? Well, you see, if you did not understand you might show some surprise upon seeing her, and my wife would notice that; but now you won't see anything, will you?"

I was deeply moved, and pressed his hand as an answer. He went to another door, opened it, and called: "Lore, here is a dear old friend from Hanover; you know him."

She entered, and behind her came the two bright-faced children. My friend's warning did not come amiss; had I been unprepared, I doubt whether I could have kept the surprise entirely out of my face; but, looking into the dark eyes of the woman before me, I saw an unquenchable fountain of tenderness and love; heavy wavy hair framed a pale face, not beautiful, but reflecting the light of a fine spiritual nature.

The greeting over, Hühnchen said, "You must stay with us to-night—that's understood. Lore, bring out the best the house affords." Then, turning to me, "The house really affords nothing, for a housekeeper in Berlin has no reserve stock; but it's a jolly good way to live, for all that. I'll tell you how we manage. My wife puts on her hat, takes a basket on her arm, and steps across the street. Behind the plate-glass windows is a marble slab, and behind it stands a man, a jolly-faced fellow with a white apron; beside him stands a woman, round and rosy, as jolly as he is, and beside her a round, rosy girl with a smile for everybody. My little wife steps into the store, with an enchanted book in her hand—ordinary people call it a pocketbook. Through the influence of this little enchanted book, these round, rosy, white-aproned people are set in motion, and conjure from behind the marble slab whatever delicacies the heart may desire and the book can pay for. My little wife trips back across the street, and in ten minutes the table is ready and set with everything the heart could desire—as by magic."

In the meantime his wife, followed by the children, had laughingly left the room, and as Hühnchen observed that I had taken note of the meager furnishing of the room, he continued:

"You will not find purple and fine linen here, and the treasures of India have not come my way; but let me tell you, when one is well and strong," and with this he raised his arm after the manner of an athlete—"if one is well and strong," he repeated, "and has such a charming wife, and two such lovely children—if I do say it myself—and is not satisfied, well, he would better tie a millstone around his neck and drown himself in the deepest part of the sea!" After a moment's pause, during which he regarded me with happy eyes, he went on: "Before our son was born, my poor little wife was very unhappy; the fear never left her that his little limbs might not be quite straight, and at night, when she thought me sound asleep, I often heard her crying softly to herself. But when the child was laid in her arms, and an anxious, searching look convinced her that the little body was sound and straight, an expression of almost heavenly joy came into her face, and she cried, 'He is not deformed—his little limbs are straight! O God, I thank you, I am so happy!' With these words she sank back on her pillow, with closed eyes, but the sunshine of heavenly peace and joy on her face. And what do you suppose I did? I stole out softly, locked myself into my own room, drew off my boots so as to make no noise, and danced an Indian war-dance, the like of which was never seen. It was a good thing no one saw me; I would have been hustled off to the insane asylum if they had!"

In the meantime Frau Lore had returned, and was now engaged, with womanly dignity and grace, in setting the table, while the two children, with an air of the greatest importance, assisted her. Suddenly Hühnchen smiled over at his wife and raised his finger as he said, "Lore, I think the time has come." The little woman smiled back understandingly, and presently appeared with a bottle of wine and some wine-glasses which she arranged on the table. Hühnchen nodded at me as he said, "It is Tokay wine [a sweet Hungarian wine], and the best of its kind. Some time ago I was paid for some extra work, and as the money jingled so merrily in my pocket, I got reck-

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less and went and bought this bottle of wine; but in the evening, as I was about to draw the cork, I felt sorry, and I said to my wife, 'Lore, put it away; perhaps there will be some special occasion when we will just want a bottle of wine.' I believe I had a presentiment, for at the time a sudden remembrance of the good old times we had together flashed through my mind."

How merry we were over the little meal! It seemed almost as if some of the sunshine which had ripened Hungary's vineyards and had become imprisoned in the wine was diffused through the bare little room; even the pale cheeks of the woman opposite me took on a rosy hue. The meal ended, she seated herself at the worn-out piano in the next room, and in a sweet, plaintive voice sang some old folk-melodies, while Hühnchen and I sat opposite each other at the table enjoying a cigar.

I learned in the course of the evening that Hühnchen was doing an amazing amount of work for an amazingly small salary. "In former times," he said, "during the financial boom that followed the Prussian war, things were better, for there was often an opportunity for extra work. But now—well, twice a year we go to see a really good opera, and in former times we even allowed ourselves the luxury of seats in the first balcony, where we sat, proud and stately, and dreamed of the time when we should sit in the parquet, from whence gleamed the bald heads of the wealthy subscribers. But times got worse instead of better, and now we have decided we prefer the gallery, and have come to the conclusion that the enchantment of the stage is enhanced by longer distance from the stage."

It was eleven o'clock when I rose to say good-night. Before I was allowed to go I was led into the bedroom to see the children, who lay in their little beds wrapped in the rosy, happy sleep of childhood. Hühnchen laid his hand softly on the footboard and said, "This is my jewel-case; here I keep my treasures—all the wealth of India could not buy these."

In my lonesome walk through the deserted streets in the warm summer evening I lived the evening over again, and my heart was stirred within me; what good did I not wish these delightful people! And yet, what more did they need? Would riches bring added happiness? would honor and fame be welcomed? "Merciful Heaven," I murmured, "grant them health, and enough to eat till the end—as for the rest, they will provide for that." For they who journey sunny-hearted through life, and avoid the perilous paths which the vain and ambitious throng pursue, allured by the gleam of gold, find happiness; the most precious possession of all—contentment—is theirs.

The Lure of the Woodland

By Clinton Scollard

Green o' leaf, sheen o' leaf, tremulous, wavery,
Where down the aisleways the errant airs blow;
Arras of maple-boughs—emerald bravery!
Always the twilight, and never the glow.

Wren-call and glen-call—a thrush fluting mellowly—
And a far whip-poor-will mournful and faint;
Then a near robin-note, friendly and fellowly,
And the small phœbe-bird's die-away plaint.

Rook-gabble, brook-babble; jewel-weed shimmering;
And the tall bee-balm with torches alight;
And in the darksomemost recesses glimmering,
Lo! the white ghost-flowers, like stars in the night!

Lure o' heart, every part—mystery, magicry;
Wonder!—a world of it hid from the day!
Cure for care everywhere, balm for life's tragicry;
Up, then, my comrade, and let us away!

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Meditations of an Autograph Collector[1]

IF the art of "collecting" did not promise new heights of attainment in many of its fields, it would not have survived as an art, and all collecting would have degenerated into mere fads or crazes, as in some of its phases it has done. It would be invidious to designate which are the crazes and which are the arts, even though our private opinion may be quite well defined. However, we all know that the person who used to accumulate posters could never sympathize with the person who sought for souvenir spoons, not realizing that he was himself a lineal descendant of his misunderstood forerunner.

That there are wide differences between the autograph collector and the collector of autographs is made perfectly clear by Mr. Adrian H. Joline in his "Meditations of an Autograph Collector," and we find ourselves in perfect agreement with his intimations as to that distinction.

In a pleasant and purposely desultory volume the reader is admitted to the enjoyment of Mr. Joline's unusual collection of letters, most of them written by celebrities, without a "thought of future publication," much less of asylum on the shelves of a collector. The skill for detecting character in calligraphy will soon be a historical accomplishment, and, in these typewritten days, it will be shed from our intellectual equipment for lack of use. The oft-mentioned eyeless fish of Mammoth Cave will receive into their comfortable company the human race, when their only knowledge of written thought will be gained through printed words and rubber-stamp signatures. Until that time we are allowed to enjoy the peculiar impressions made by what may be called hand-work writing. There is no question that the transition period will be marked by a painful constraint of thought, for one cannot pour out one's soul, or one's temper, upon a typewriting machine as one can through an easily gliding pen, held by a hand impelled by a controlling emotion.

To such collectors as Mr. Joline the world owes a debt, one that will increase as the years go by. The real value of an A. L. S. (autograph letter signed) is recognized by every intelligent man, but for most of us the individuality of a writer is indicated to a satisfactory degree by a facsimile. Of these Mr. Joline gives us some of great interest.

One's imagination is not overstrained to see in the letter of "the nephew of his uncle" signs of that submission to circumstances and general weakness which earned for him the title "Napoleon the Little." The Thackeray note is brief, but vital with the unique individuality that made every word of the master characteristic. Comparing the tiny pen-tracks of the Charlotte Brontë page here with a page lying on our table, we do not regret that the little lady, on occasion, could enlarge her letters to a legible size. The men take a broader pen-sweep. Laurence Sterne, Robert Burns, Addison, and Pope, whose lives were all lived within the round of the same century—from Addison's birth to Burns's death—seem to have been influenced, as we are now, by a prevailing style of penmanship. Their writing bears a superficial family resemblance. One can fancy the same sort of general fashion in the time of Tennyson and Thackeray and Walter Scott.

Mr. Joline's catholic but cultivated taste leads him into many fields, political, literary, dramatic, and historical, not omitting Americana. He gives us a charming note written by the girl queen, Victoria, to her Premier, Lord Melbourne.

"If Lord Melbourne isn't very tired, c'd he come here? He needn't dress, but can come just as he is. The Queen would see him upstairs in her own room. I have heard much wh. enrages me, and it w'd be such a thing if you c'd come here for a minute, unless you are *very* tired; it w'd quiet me. Just say yes, or no. If you c'dn't get your carriage quickly, I c'd send mine. I hear you spoke so beautifully. The Duke must be in his dotage."

We are quite certain that "when the

[1] *Meditations of an Autograph Collector.* By Adrian H. Joline. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York.

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snows of eighty-one winters were on her brow," the Queen could recall distinctly her showy Prime Minister. Mr. Joline apparently questions it. The Queen was not different from other aged ladies, and must have delighted in reminiscences.

A letter from Ruskin shows him as usual, delightfully obstinate, and clear-headed as to his own desires. Contrary to the depressing impression made by the published letters in the "Life of George Eliot," in Mr. Joline's letter the great novelist essays a touch of humor—for private consumption. It cannot be called jocund, but it serves. She says: "It is the prerogative of friendship to dignify the gift even of a few hairs, and I question whether from a bald friend we should not cherish the paring of a nail as a relic—hence I draw an inference favorable to my worthless letter, which I am sure to hope you will receive with pleasure as a proof of the remembrance and affection of your true CLEMATIS."

Mr. Joline does not like poor Miss Mitford—"a smug old maid," he calls her. She intimated that Washington was a sharper in horse-dealing, and wanted that horror of the real collector, a *signature* of Napoleon!

In a charming note, Nathaniel Hawthorne gives this true and graceful tribute to the oft-maligned reader. He says: "A reader who can fully understand and appreciate a work possesses all the faculties of the writer who produces it, except a knack of expression, by which the latter is enabled to give definite shape to an idea or sentiment which he and his appreciative reader possess in common." What expression could indicate more truly the delicate insight and broad mind of Hawthorne?

Mr. Joline has a small but precious number of books with "associations," which he says always arouse a gleam of intelligence in the eye that was dull when turned upon a letter of Keats or Pope, or even a page of Dean Swift or Samuel Johnson. Among these he mentions a volume of "Poe's Poems." Upon the fly-leaf are these lines: "Given to Mrs. Benzon, partly on account of the poetry, partly on that of the dedication on page 33, with all affectionate wishes of Robert Browning, March 7, '67." The dedication on page 33 reads: "To the noblest of her sex—to the author of 'The Drama of Exile'—to Miss Elizabeth Barret Barret, of England, I dedicate this volume, with the most enthusiastic admiration and with the most sincere esteem. E. A. P." So, as Mr. Joline comments, "we have the record of Browning's appreciation of our 'original genius,' the meteor who flashed so brightly and who fell so ignobly; and a loving memory of the woman whose name and fame are linked so closely with his own."

Mr. Joline proudly affirms that the cult of autograph-manuscript-collecting is one of the most ancient in the world, and almost coeval with historic man. He is not prepared to assert that it was prevalent in the stone age, but skips lightly down to the palmy days of Greek civilization. We will leave to the prospective reader the pleasure of his amusing anecdotes anent this claim,

Among his possessions may be found the "Manuscrit Autographe de Mme. de Maintenon et de Mdle. Daumale," consisting of "Instructions spirituelles données à Mme. de Maintenon et à la Duchesse de Bourgogne par leurs Directeurs de Conscience." The handwriting of Madame covers fifty-nine pages, and is, as it should be, bold and almost masculine. The date is 1691. The manuscript of Tom Moore's "The Epicurean," that of Southey's "Curse of Kehama," and a queerly written prose version of the "Faërie Queene" by the methodical Wordsworth, are among the treasures of this section.

Naturally, the first letter in Mr. Joline's American alcove is by George Washington, dated Morristown, March 3, 1777, in which he congratulates General James Mitchell Varnum upon his appointment, and gives him concise instructions as to raising and equipping two battalions of men. Washington recommends the inoculation of every enlisted man who has not had the smallpox, thriftily providing that they "go thro' the disorder while their arms and cloaths are preparing."

Among the men of Revolutionary fame and ill fame, Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, General Gates, Baron Steuben, and General Charles Lee are prominent.

The mere student and lover of human nature, who does not live continually in the rare atmosphere of the collector, will pause with real pleasure over the stately yet ardent love-letter written by Alexander

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Scammell to his apparently obdurate "dear Naby." He met his fate at Yorktown, and probably never won his lady-love.

Mr. Joline speaks with humility of his assortment of "signers," and intimates that if he had known as much when he began as he does now he would have avoided "signers" and their snares. He calls them an odd lot of statesmen, ranging from "the philosophic Franklin to Clark, the New Jersey Sheriff, and from the spirited and impetuous Adams to young Lynch, whose only title to a seat in Congress was derived from its previous occupancy by his father." However, the number is enriched by autograph letters signed by Josiah Bartlett, John Adams, John Hancock, John Witherspoon, Cæsar Rodney, and some of the more difficult and obscure "signers," including a full signature by the above-mentioned Thomas Lynch, Jr.

These Meditations will open a vista in the leisure reading hour of a man whose mind can use the stepping-stones laid down by Mr. Joline to cross to many attractive fields of literary interest. The volume has been worthily bound and printed, and lies open in the reader's hand with an enticing good will. It is embellished by a few good portrait prints, besides the pages of facsimile letters.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Blue Diamond (The). By Roswell W. Keene. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 477 pages. $1.50.

Congregational Year-Book for 1902 (The). Vol. No. 24. Published under Direction of the National Council of Congregational Churches in the United States, Congregational House, Boston. 5½×9 in. 511 pages. $1.

Gives evidence of painstaking. Statistics show a serious loss in members of both Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies; this loss seems to be greatest in States where Congregationalism is most firmly rooted—New England and the Middle West. A commendable gain is shown in an increase of benevolent contributions from a smaller number of churches reporting than last year.

Dictionary of the Bible (A). Vol. IV. Pleroma—Zuzim. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the Assistance of John A. Selbie, M. A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 7¼×11 in. 994 pages.

The Dictionary of the Bible, edited by Drs. Hastings and Selbie, is practically completed with the publication of this fourth volume; although an "Extra Volume," which will contain indexes and subsidiary articles, is yet to be published. To every thoughtful minister some Bible dictionary is indispensable. In the present stage of Biblical scholarship this dictionary, as we have already said, is probably the most useful a minister can own. The articles, though often unnecessarily obscure in style, are free from reliance upon either traditional or speculative theories, and are, on the whole, marked by sound judgment.

Dictum of Reason on Man's Immortality. By the Rev. David Gregg, D.D. E. B. Treat & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 73 pages. 50c.

Elementary Chemistry. By F. W. Clark and L. M. Dennis. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages. $1.10.

First Steps in the History of England. By Arthur May Mowry, A.M. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 324 pages. 70c.

Grammar School Algebra. By Emerson E. White, A.M., LL.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 96 pages. 35c.

Happenings in Our Home. With an Introduction by Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated. Joseph Clark Bridgman, Boston. 7½×10½ in. 178 pages.

Highway Law of the State of New York. By H. Noyes Greene. (Second Edition.) Matthew Bender, Albany, N. Y. 5¾×9½ in. 471 pages. $4.

This volume, though primarily designed for the use of county-town and village officials, is of value to all persons interested in public improvements along the highways, whether as owners of abutting land liable to assessment, or as public-spirited citizens concerned in the securing of better roads, the planting of shade-trees, the removal of grade crossings, or any other matter of this nature. The volume contains not only the statutes relating to these subjects, but the digest of over a thousand decisions, and is none the less compact and clear to the general reader. Among the new subjects covered by this new edition of this work are the Grade Crossing Act of 1897, the Automobile Law, and the recent additions and amendments to the Good Roads Law.

How to Treat the Trusts and How to Win in 1904. By John Haggerty. The Abbey Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 81 pages. 25c.

Introduction to Physical Geography (An). By Grove Karl Gilbert and Albert Perry Brigham. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 380 pages.

Simply written and finely illustrated, this book, while specially planned for the earlier part of a high-school course, is also one of interest

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for the general reader. Its method, in line with the best teaching, develops each subject from the study of a concrete typical case, most frequently on our own continent. The reader is thus given a good initiation in an agreeable way into the modern spirit and method of science.

Kindred of the Wild (The): A Book of Animal Life. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 374 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Late Returning (The). By Margery Williams. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. $1.25.

A short and intense novel descriptive of a revolution in a South American State, purely journalistic in its quality, with a text packed with colloquialisms and slang, but not lacking in dash and picturesqueness.

Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth (The). By Thomas Jefferson. N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5×7½ in. 168 pages.

The so-called "Jefferson Bible," now the property of the National Government, contains, in four parallel columns giving severally the Greek, Latin, French, and English text, a compilation made by Mr. Jefferson of such passages in the Gospels as he believed the best presentation of the ethical teachings of Jesus. The English text only is reproduced in this volume, from a copy of the table of contents made while the original book was in possession of the family. The religious views of Mr. Jefferson are given in his own words in an introductory chapter. He avows himself "a real Christian," and would now be classed as a Unitarian, though in his lifetime ignorantly stigmatized as "an infidel."

Lighted Lore for Gentle Folk. By Theodore Ruggles Timby, LL.D. The Morningside Publishing Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 305 pages.

Love Story of Abner Stone (The). By Edwin Carlile Litsey. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 170 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Maid of the Wildwood (A). By George William Louttit. Illustrated. The Colonial Press, Fort Wayne, Ind. 5×7½ in. 351 pages.

Modern Astronomy. By Herbert Hall Turner, F.R.S. (Second Impression.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 286 pages. $2, net.

The changes introduced in instruments, in methods, and in results during the last quarter of a century are described in a popular way and without too much detail. A brief section on Modern Mathematical Astronomy presents, with other topics, the history of the earth and the moon in their mutual relations, as now conceived.

Music-Education: An Outline. By Calvin Brainerd Cady. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 5½×8¼ in. 80 pages.

A mixture of wise suggestions as to means of developing musical spontaneity in children, with unnecessary mannerisms and gratuitous observations based on a pseudo-idealistic philosophy.

Natural Philosophy: A System of Our Knowledge of Nature, with an Attempt to Explain the Mysteries. By James Ferguson. Complete in Six Numbers. No. I. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 5×8 in. 112 pages. Paper bound. 35c.

New Century Bible (The). Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon, and Philippians. Edited by G. Currie Martin, M.A., B.D. General Editor Prof. W. F. Adeney. Oxford University Press (American Branch), New York. 4×6½ in. 192 pages.

Poems. By Arthur Upson and George Norton Northrop. Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis, Minn. 6×8¾ in. 29 pages.

Preaching in the New Age: An Art and an Incarnation. By Albert J. Lyman, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 147 pages. 75c., net.

Among many books on homiletics one will not find a more helpful one than this. Its aim is to present the subject from the standpoint of the man who is looking forward to the pastorate. This was furnished to the lecturer upon request by a series of more than forty questions propounded by theological students. He answers these in a line of thought which treats preaching as "a practical art leading up into a spiritual incarnation." Dr. Lyman handles his subject in a fresh and genial way, glowing with spiritual warmth, optimistic and chivalrous in tone, often with a light touch, but always with earnestness, humorous and incisive in turn. He does not deal with apologetics or Biblical criticism, but moves along the higher levels. No better conception of the "Christological" order of truth can be given to the preacher than in his words: "It is not the mere common idea of preaching chiefly about Christ. That is part of it. But the Christological order is the order of divine truth *as it lay in Christ's mind.* That translated into the preacher's mind, and again retranslated by him into the mental dialect of the people of the time, is the effective order. . . . Preach God in Christ's way. Preach moral ideals with Christ's accent. It is this *cadence* of Christ which is the effective thing—this exquisite rational grace in the *tone* of the Sermon on the Mount, for example, or in those final syllables in the 'upper room.'" Men in the ministry as well as men expecting to be will find this book eminently quickening.

Principles of Class Teaching. By J. J. Findlay, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 442 pages. $1.25.

Though written with British schools in immediate view, this book will be helpful to American teachers in its chapters on Method, as well as interesting in various points of comparison that will suggest themselves.

Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic. By Henry Austin Clapp. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8¼ in. 241 pages. $1.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Salmon and Trout. By Dean Sage, C. H. Townsend, H. M. Smith, and William C. Harris. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 417 pages. $2, net.

This is a valuable addition to the American Sportsman's Library Series, of which The Outlook has already spoken. Like the other volumes, it is to be commended for its plain, strong type and the clearness and exactitude of its illustrations. The different papers, by expert fishermen, give all the technical knowledge about these fish and the fishing which the ordinary sportsman is likely to need. The

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illustration is by Mr. A. B. Frost, Tappan Adnay, and others.

Selections from De Quincey. Edited by Milton Haight Turk, Ph.D. (The Athenæum Press Series.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 501 pages.

Sketches of Great Painters. By Colonna Murray Dallin. Illustrations. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 293 pages. 90c.

Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. By Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 176 pages. 60c., net.

Sonnets and Songs for A House of Days. By Christian Binkley. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. 5×7½ in. 176 pages. $1.25, net.

"The Unknown God"? An Essay. By Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., F.R.C.S. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 86 pages. 60c.

This reprint from a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review" is an interesting disclosure of a mind slowly working out of agnosticism. The writer has gained assurance that the Unknown Power is beneficent. While he disallows all petitionary prayer, he approves the offering of adoration and the comprehensive supplication, "Thy will be done," as thoroughly reasonable. Could he have escaped being ensnared by traditional and narrow notions of such terms as "revelation" and "supernatural," he would probably have risen out of some clouds that still envelop him. But his booklet may still be helpful to some who have not gotten so far on the way out as he.

Three Years on the Blockade. By I. E. Vail. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 171 pages. $1.25.

Wharf and Fleet: Ballads of the Fishermen of Gloucester. By Clarence Manning Falt. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 117 pages. $1.50, net.

These ballads are, for the ordinary reader, somewhat overlaid by excess of fishermen's dialect and phraseology; but it is the announced intention of the author to perpetuate the phrases as well as the characters of wharf and fleet; and in this he succeeds perhaps better than in his other intention of reproducing the tragedy, humor, and heroism of the fishing industry.

Correspondence

Prohibition in Kansas

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As the prohibitory law of Kansas is sometimes referred to in your columns, will you kindly print a few more words on the subject? There seems to be a partial misunderstanding as to the attitude of the people of the State toward this law and what they expect it to accomplish. It has been objected to on the ground that it cannot reform the drunkard and furnish a motive for a higher life. But why should this law be required to meet this test more than any other penal law for the protection of society? Is any law sufficient for the moral elevation of the individual? It would not be advisable to suspend the laws against maintaining gambling-places on the ground that it is better for the public and the victim to reclaim him and make him proof against such seductions in the future. His redemption would be the best way out, but until that can be brought about, it does not in the least hinder his moral regeneration that the law speaks decisively on the subject. The people of Kansas do not expect the prohibitory law alone to be equal to a reformation in the habits of the citizens, but they do expect it to help out in the work of personal and social redemption carried on by the moral agencies of the neighborhood. It is intended to help prevent boys forming the habit of drinking, especially those whose home training has been defective and home influence not positively toward good, and to protect unfortunates from their own perverted instincts. It removes a source of disorder and poverty from the community, for even where the law is violated it is not so easy to drink continually to excess and divert earnings from a needy family.

Another stated objection to the law is that it interferes with the personal liberty of good citizens and good men, who do not think there is any harm in moderate drinking and who take care of their families. If all men were moderate and provident, perhaps there would be no need of a prohibitory law. There are other laws that interfere with personal liberty for the good of the public and no one objects to them on that account. The State has a vital financial and moral interest in poverty and crime, and why should it not have a right to protect itself from them as far as possible, even though it may deprive some men of a personal indulgence?

This is the way the people of Kansas look at the matter; and while they have difficulty in enforcing the law, they do not see that they have any more trouble than some other States in enforcing laws regulating the sale. The temptation to the

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liquor-dealer to extend his sales by violating the closing laws and by working on the rising generation will always have to be taken into account and met. It is true that the law is openly violated in some localities in Kansas, either because the people there have always opposed prohibition or because the right men were not elected to office. There are in every community men who are never quite ready to carry out their convictions fully at the polls. They would not vote against prohibition, but allow devotion to party and personal feeling to rule them in the selection of officers whose duty it is to see that the law is enforced. In this way they trifle with the public interests as they do with their own personal happiness in other matters. But, throughout the State, the feeling of loyalty to the law is very strong. No one not acquainted with the people of the State can estimate the strength of the sentiment against the open saloon, and it is believed by the friends of the law, for reasons which cannot be given here, that this sentiment has increased materially since the law went into effect nearly twenty years ago. Future events in the State's history will prove the strength of the attachment of the people to this law, and they will not regret their struggles if their stand has helped the universal cause of morality and right living. E. S.

Kansas City, Mo.

Danger in Armenia

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Summer is coming among the mountains of Turkey, where the Armenians are the chief of the population, and where they are comparatively secure, as the Turkish soldier cannot find his way among the rugged hills as the hardy Armenian mountaineers can do. But upon the plains at the foot of the mountains Tcherkess immigrants, savage hill-men, are scattered, some of them quartered in every village. The plains are also dotted with the tents of the Turkish soldiery, though the whole neighborhood is apparently quiet. Those who have the most knowledge on the subject fear that this assembling of a great mass of soldiery and trained mountaineers who have no bowels of compassion portends a repetition of the fearful massacres that shocked the world in 1893–94. Were there an American Consul at Moush, it is believed that his influence would tend to prevent the Turkish Government from overt massacres, for it has some little respect for foreign officials. There is not much that this Government can do to improve conditions in Turkey, but if transferring a Consul from Erzeroum to Moush would help to protect the harried Armenians, surely that might be done.

* *

[This statement comes from a well-informed correspondent. It is one of many indications of threatened horrors in Armenia—a danger made credible by past history.—The Editors.]

Lend a Hand

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You have some readers who like to help the old men whom we send into the country every summer from our Lend a Hand office in Boston. Now, some old men, as I happen to know, are very happy and very comfortable, and get more out of summer life than most young men do. But there are left stranded a few old fellows, some with one leg, and some with one arm, and some with nothing, who ought to see God's sky and God's grass from a better point of vantage than number 999 in the sixteenth story of a tenement-house.

We know where to send them, but we cannot send them unless some old gentlemen and some old ladies, between the ages of sixty and ninety-five, send us a little money which is to pay the board bills. Now I, or Mrs. Bernard Whitman, at the Lend a Hand office, No. 1 Beacon Street, will indorse any checks for this purpose, and will send the old men out on such summer outings with the greatest pleasure.

I remember an unknown friend who once sent me a check for fifty dollars for such a purpose as this, and said in a note which forwarded it, "This is on account, for the blessing given to my first sniff of the ocean air." I am much of his mind in his estimate of the value of air and sunshine. Edward E. Hale.

Lend a Hand Society, 1 Beacon St., Boston.

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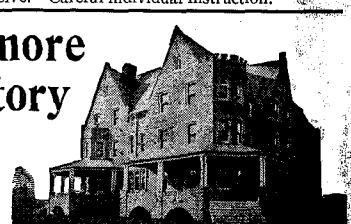

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